

Maclean's

APRIL 2, 1979

75c



Drug wars



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white or orange cheddar
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MACLEAN'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL 92 NO 14



Mongol (Lost Land) Kidder nearly bought the store out when she discovered Vasco: ver's Angol, known for its ultra-jang T-shirts. **Page 8**



Newfoundland's premier, Brian Peckford, has made sweeping changes in the provincial cabinet within a week of being named leader. Enter the new cabinet.



In Canada it's a \$3-billion-a-year enterprise. The drugs are smuggled in from Colombia, Mexico, the Far East and quickly make their way to the streets of Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. Recently Canadian police, including the RCMP, have made a number of large drug busts, but they admit that the arrests only touch the tip of an ever-growing iceberg. **Page 25**



Michel Tremblay's reputation is secure from coast to coast, but the Quebecers don't know what to make of the other big Native literary discovery, Gauthier's *Blow-Down!* **Page 41**

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Fred McCordle, Manager London, Ottawa, Office

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Photo: J. G. Maclean

Lévesque's 'sovereignty-association' song: covering up his demolition job of Canada

By Peter C. Newman

It's somehow typical that the leader of the movement whose aim it is to destroy Canada should be not a hollow-eyed young revolutionist with clenched fist, but a middle-aged charmer with the hand gestures of a Las Vegas con man. René Lévesque was in town the other day promoting *My Québec* (Nethem) which he dismissed as "a lazy man's book" because it's little more than the transcript of his interview with Jean-Robert Lesselbrou, an editor of Paris's *Le Nouvel Observateur*. It's certainly not great literature, but as a straightforward statement of political aims, this is an essential document.

At a press conference, Lévesque punctuated his natural Gallic exuberance with such quaintly wistful qualifiers as "to be fair about it..." and "with due respect..." But his message was crystal clear: the sovereignty-association platform being pushed by his Parti Québécois is nothing more than a fancy smoke screen for the breakup of Canada as a political and social unit. Beneath all that gallantry, nuance and charm lies a rained fanatic who believes that the essence of politics must always be power, not law, and that Québec's only acceptable future is to become a republic with himself as president.

On the human level, My Québec chronicles an odyssey of profound disillusionment from being called a "pea-souper" in New Orleans, the anglophone village in the Gaspé where young René summered up, to his



current bitterness, but caught in his paraphrase of the Winston Churchill metaphor that "Canada and Québec cannot continue to live like two scorpions in the same bottle."

The volume documents both his strong affection for Québec and the conviction that the province has been relegated to colonial status by most other Canadians. "The more I get to know Canada, the more I cut myself off from it," Lévesque recalls of his mood in the early Sixties. "I felt like an Indian leaving his reserve each time I left Québec."

The book's most curious section is his discussion of the opening Québec referendum during which, he confesses, "We must put so much luck as possible on our side." His argument shatters hope as he places the issue on the other side: preference for accepting Québec's eventual—and, in his view, inevitable—independence. Séguin has a politician dismissed more than 300 years of democratic evolution with as much contempt as Lévesque, when he proclaims that the referendum "will be the first chance that history has given to Québecers to decide, themselves, on their collective future."

Unlike most politicians, René Lévesque is not afraid to announce the reality of his intentions. Asked how he felt about being lumped together with Peter Lougheed and Allan Rock in a job by Pierre Trudeau naming the trio as the villains of Confederation, the Québec premier took quick umbrage at being included in any such tally. "They're not separatists," he said. "I am."

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Having a new life, wish you were here

Some psychics think she demonstrated "You keep developing up out," is the way one psychic put it. Henneville determines investigated the possibility of murder—perhaps by her husband. Her husband is convinced she has answers. The woman herself had, on occasion, talked about H-wronging when she and the British Columbia couple, perhaps they abducted her? Other psychics—those who don't see her demonstration—assert her "out of communication" "somewhere in Canada" where she has lectured extensively and has many friends. Whichever conclusion is correct, Marcia Moore has indeed escaped.

On Jan. 34, the 51-year-old mother of nine boys and girls of yoga, astrology and reincarnation disappeared from her home in Alderwood Manor, Washington, just south of Vancouver. When her 40-year-old husband of 34 months, Dr. Howard Albion, came home from a movie at 1 a.m. she was gone. It was a bright night, yet all her coats, sweaters and boots were still in the closet. Her prescription glasses, which

she needs to read and write, were still on her desk. All her pieces of identification—including driver's license and passport—were left behind.

With bloodhounds and helicopters, a search and rescue team hit the first where she liked to walk. For a week, the detectives questioned Howard for possible motives for murder, but after a 40-day quest, they desperately turned their attention to clues from North America's leading psychics. Marcia was nowhere to be found, either in the States or along the B.C. coast, where psychics "saw" her "essence."

Marcia Moore thrived in the noted story line of mysticism, but her background is pure Tiffany. Her father is the multimillionaire who founded the Sheraton hotel chain; her brother is Robin Moore, author of *The Green Berets* and *The French Connection*. Marcia graduated from Harvard and Harvard before studying yoga in India. She has walked away from several lawsuits on mysticism, royalties and settlements from three marriages. Some inside critics have suggested her disappearance may be a publicity stunt to sell

a new book. Those who know her disagree, arguing that Marcia has never used cheap tactics.

She visited the Vancouver area frequently to see friends and yoga instructor Karen Zebrak and to lecture and give "hypnotism" sessions at the Mystic Arts bookstore in neighboring Surrey. Her sessions, in which she "regressed" people back to "previous lifetimes," were booked solidly from early morning to late at night for weeks. The occult and the mystic, sensationalized in the '60s, flourish in Vancouver in the "What's a danger level? Big." Marcia's friend Doug Brown, who runs the Mystic Arts "People aren't into suffering darkness or putting a curse on their neighbors. They're using mysticism as a tool for self-understanding." Marcia's quest, he says, has always been the understanding of self and higher consciousness. This may have done her in.

For 14 months, she had been taking daily mega-doses of the drug ketamine, an anesthetic used in hospitals, which, at a nonlethal level of dosage, is taken as a consciousness-expander. Street dealers call it "the businessmen's lunch," because of the time it effects last, or "a little taste of never-never-land." An deputy chief of the anesthesiology department of the Seattle Hospital, her husband Howard had ready access to it—and the pros gave her his approval to study the drug as an experience she included in her new book, *Journeys into the Spirit World*.

Marcia found the experience



PHIL MCGRETT

addictively enlightening. Three days she injected 10 mg of ketamine and took a trip to her incommunicable inner places. Howard, an astrologer, is now convinced that after 14 months of constant use, her mind has been assimilated to the point of amnesia. That's certainly compatible with the psychics' "out of communication" theory. As for "somewhere in Canada," only time will tell.

The police have no clues. Howard has exhausted the supply of psychics, clairvoyants, astrologers, palm readers, Tarot card readers and Gypsy board operators. He has even sent a telegram to the great guru in India, Sri Baba, for advice. He is now trying to reach Marcia telepathically by taking Ketsamine at times prompted by supernatural interaction between their own and Mercury signs. Howard feels she may be somewhere in British Columbia.

If and when Marcia reappears, her story could parallel the great Agatha Christie mystery. After her much publicized 16-day disappearance in 1936, the queen of crime writers refused to say where she had been. The world may never know what happened to Marcia. Or she might have a story to tell—and a book to write.

Eric Rockett

Misling mystery: Marcia Moore, an astrologer, clairvoyant, or out of control, out of sight?

Rehabilitating the Mata Hari legend: party girl or spy?

Legend has it that when Mata Hari stood before the firing squad at Vincennes near Paris in 1917, she refused a blindfold and time to bid to the soldiers about to kill her. The story also says that she was a sleek showgirl who used her charms to worm important military secrets out of French generals for the German High Command. The truth, however, would appear to be that Mata Hari was so perturbed by the thought of death she had to be carried to the point that the secret information she passed to the Germans was next to nothing.

Mata Hari (above) in her Dutch home town; (right) a high-living Amsterdam's daughter



less and that the bombarding "stim" was in fact a dumpy middle-aged girl who had so not been executed would probably have ended her days prowling the back streets of some European port for trade.

The residents of Lelystad, a town in northern Holland where she was born as Margaretha Geertruida Zelle in 1866, don't buy either version. To them, Mata Hari is the sleek girl most often come to in a flash and Lelystad here, erected a statue in her honor and is now planning to open the house where she was born as a "Mata Hari museum" for the benefit of tourists and historians. "We believe her to be innocent of the charges for which she was shot," says Lelystad's chief of police, "because Koenig." It is not clear if she will receive from the M.H. museum to mount a campaign for her rehabilitation.

Unintelligible text from fiction in the Mata Hari story is difficult because Magriet

Zelle, an Lelystad girl affectionately refers to her spirit crush of her time building mystic about herself. What is known for certain is that she was the daughter of a local baker.

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Unintelligible text from fiction in the Mata Hari story is difficult because Magriet

members her well. Says Magriet was as plain as building in my view but there wasn't a man alive who could resist her.

Yet by the time the First World War rolled along, Mata Hari is fortunes had gained. She had been known to give up her dancing for secret intelligence. Her heavy dress, her revealing girl and double chin had made it harder for her to find men who could resist her. In her cups, she would boast that she was a double agent and endorser upon the headquarters in her past and present. "She had the most striking enigmatic of anyone I've met," said a contemporary. "She could hold your attention for hours and all of it was work."

Mata Hari's self-serving tales of secrets were to be her undoing. As a citizen of neutral Holland she wandered freely about war-torn Europe and the British and French intelligence services grew suspicious of her. Arriving in Paris from Madrid in 1917 she was collared by the French, accused

of being Agent H-21 in Germany's spy and shot after a summary trial.

Was she guilty? Dutch-American writer Sam Waggaman has established that Mata Hari did receive substantial sums from Germany on at least one occasion but passed along no information to the Allies in Berlin. The French did claim that Agent H-21 Germany advance writing of a big Allied offensive on the Western front, a tip-off that cost the Allies thousands of lives.

Lelystad insists that Mata Hari's innocence was her magnanimity and rebellion. She had the homeboys of her past but never a true lover by history. "She was an adventurer, a romantic and possibly a harlot—not a spy," said Koenig. "I'm sure that when the truth comes out, our Magriet will be vindicated." He ended by saying that Mata Hari's innocence is established but what is a fatal affliction could take a severe knock.

Peter Levin

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Hilton
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Some wear over the rainbow

Lisa Lane, who went on that fying blind date with somebody into yellow belts and red ropes, had a heavenly rendezvous of a different sort in Vancouver recently. Actress Margot Kidder collided with Angel, a store full of hand-painted fantasy clothes, and the result was *Superwoman*: she bought

Kidder (right) went home with wind-wild hair and painted clothes. Lane (left) below shows off an Angel item: all this world is a stage.



Frontlines

piles of striped, star-studded, rainbow-planked T-shirts, kang junks, and kimonos, including personalized underwear for her brothers and father. Her daughter Maggie, 3, soaked the shirt-dress racks. Kidder came back three times in the same day and spent several hundred dollars. "My accountant will be nuts," she said. Then it was back to California to dispense the work of Angela to her Malibu neighbors, who include Jane Fonda and Tom Hanks. From the business point of view, it was a case of angel meets Angel.

"Marge's got wild tastes and too much money—I knew she'd love it," says her brother John, who lives around the corner from Angel and told his sister about the store, when she was back in Vancouver, her hometown, visiting relatives. Lisa Lane is not alone. Since Angel opened last August on the edge of Vancouver's Fourth Avenue, a once cosmopolitan, now frankly commercial hangout for the city's still flourishing counterculture, the store has been selling as fast as the two proprietors, Verena Radfux and Jackie Halberton, can produce. Each garment undergoes a 24-hour process that begins with natural-fiber fabrics and a base color of European colorfast paint. After drying overnight, the clerk is inured and the Angel team sits, stripes, flurs, seashells, and, inevitably, angels are painted on.

Angel clothing have become a familiar Vancouver sight, their distinctive, brilliant colors flaring on the backs of Stanley Park joggers and flashing down ski slopes. "One lady bought our slinky, midsize-size kang junks with moll stars to wear to a cocktail party," said Radfux. Folk singer Leon Bibb, a former New Yorker with a nine-year addiction to Vancouver, calls them "good performance clothes."

Vancouver has vibrant and television-making celebrity James Earl Ray wore his Angel-designed kimono on national TV and received more inquiries about his clothes than his Japanese recipe. Blues musician Taj Mahal was especially prominent, recalls Ray. "Taj was knocked out. He liked their brightness, but it's also got that West Coast softness, blurry around the edges."

Bibb first saw some of his friends' kids wearing Angel gear, and children are central to the whole enterprise. Radfux has taught art to children in Vancouver and West Germany. Halberton, who graduated from the Walt Disney-backed California Institute of the Arts with a line of hand-painted leather clothing, has a similar background, having run an art school for toddlers in affluent West Vancouver, painted on bed sheets to teach into privi-

leged kids in the east end, and worked as an art teacher in a junior high school. Prices, however, are grown-up: \$99 for a baby-sized cotton shirt, up to \$99 for adult T-shirts, jugging skirts for \$45 and kimonos that cost \$75.

"People said I looked like an angel and started giving me angels in various forms when I was 20," explains co-founder Verena Radfux. The two partners, aged 30 and 31, (Tasman born a year apart on May 1 and 2—essential

Angel background) are cheridomally naive when it comes to the business end of things, but luckily they now have a guardian angel—their manager Jane Clayton, who plans to expand Angel to other cities. "We don't mind," says Halberton, "as long as we don't have to give up our West Coast lifestyle." All of which raises the unavoidable question of how many angels can dance on the head of a trend.

Business Frontier/Marni Jackson

Go on. Be choosy.

Naturally you choose Captain Morgan for taste and quality. But Captain Morgan also gives you a choice for different occasions.

Captain Morgan De Luxe, a rum of connoisseurs, is a rich blend of the world's finest rums aged at least 6 years to smooth, mellow perfection.

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Rent-a-church weddings: the ministers may rebel

When the presbytery of Winnipeg's United Church meets April 18 quite a few elderly, ecclesiastical eyesores are likely to arch backward and a state of holy deadlock may ensue. Up for discussion will be the United Church's role in the wedding business. A paper released in advance by the U.C.'s research and planning council indicates one expectation that the church close its doors entirely to weddings.

The paper propounds a dilemma that has had clergy soul-searching for some time: should the church allow itself to be used as a social convenience between religious blessing on marriages, when it is well aware that over half these exchanging vows will never darken its pews? Again, once the topic is a divisive parable? In 1977, in Winnipeg, 1,028 marriages were solemnized in the city's approximately 50 United Churches, 66 per cent of those were witnessed in a total of eight popular churches. Ministers' employment books are full on Saturdays, but the pews are not packed on Sundays.

Question is the church being hypocritical in going along with this role created for it by social editors and the high-powered wedding industry? Haddon Hodgson, executive secretary of the Winnipeg U.C.'s research council, thinks it may well be. "Three-quarters of those being married in United Churches have

no discernible connection with the church," he says. "It's a fact that temples shop around, often choosing a church because it has a long, photogenic centre aisle and a pretty setting, or because it's close to a reception hall. Sometimes they don't even know the minister's name."

It's unlikely the church will vote to opt right out of the hitching business, but Hodgson says that option was offered as a serious possibility. "There's a great pressure on the time of ministers and we must ask if they couldn't be better employed," he says.

Other suggestions call for the U.C. to limit those who may have benefit of their clergy. A number of Winnipeg churches have already placed restrictions on those they will agree to marry. Couples must take counselling, and some kind of commitment is required, if only through post attendance at church.

Another proposal is to avoid restrictions, but ban wedding fees, substitutes, so that the church gets some real expense, even if it's not deposited on the Sunday collection plate.

The problem isn't confined to Winnipeg. In Surrey, B.C., Rev. John Hooper of Goldbrook United Church became so frustrated with the situation he announced he was making his "license to marry" back to the province. Those who plan to take a year's sabbatical in July

anyway, his local presbytery talked him out of the drastic protest, but it did not nip a special marriage committee to review the whole question.

Back in Winnipeg, Rev. John Freeman, 64, of Regents Park United, says the crisis of conscience faced by many ministers won't be solved in months or even years, because of conflicting opinions on what the church's role should be. "We don't want to write people off because they never came to church, but on the other hand, do we want society to dictate our role for us when we think they're much more at home than just a congregation? Ministers like myself work very long hours and sometimes you do have to wonder about investing six or seven hours of time in counselling and marrying people who just walk in off the street and are more concerned with appearances than doctrine."

Freeman thinks the crunch on reception halls is no problem. "Often they're booked a year in advance, so a couple book up the reception hall first, then find the nearest convenient church later. Sort of as an afterthought."

Rev. Roger Cole, 36, of Transcona Memorial United, agrees. "The closer the wedding gets, the more social and cultural things take over. Too often the minister is squeezed in somewhere between ordering flowers and stocking guests."

Says Cole: "Not enough couples are in the right frame of mind at the actual ceremony, but I agree it's up to the church to educate them. The state probably should have a bigger role in weddings, but it must provide something with dignity, not a brief thing in a judge's chambers."

However, it would cost the state money to support marriage registrars and to publish its services. Up till now it has been leaving its matrimonial role and enlisting it with the burden and cost of legalizing weddings falling on a church otherwise ignored by many couples. No concrete marriage legislation is expected to come out of the April meeting of the presbytery, but the subject is likely to set the cat, if not among the pigeons, then at least among the church mice.

Says Freeman: "It would be nice to think we can reach a unanimous decision, but there'll be much hot-dragging and local churches will likely set their own policy on when they'll marry." Adds Hodgson: "It's healthy to bring this out into the open. Maybe it will raise all our expectations of marriage. We need more conversation between the church and the world."

Peter Carlyle-Gardner

TAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TO SEE WHETHER YOU ARE A HANDICAP TO THE DISABLED.

(TRY AND BE AS HONEST WITH YOURSELF AS YOU CAN.)

Do you ever feel awkward in the presence of a disabled person?

NO YES

Do your actions ever indicate to a disabled person that you consider them mentally disabled as well?

NO YES

Would you or your company employ a disabled person? (How many are on staff currently?)

NO YES

Are you unaware of the problems some disabled people have in using public transportation, gaining access to many public buildings or using public conveniences?

NO YES

Do you ever catch yourself treating disabled people as less than normal people?

NO YES

If a disabled person were attending a social gathering, would you avoid that person? Would you pay the disabled person extra special attention?

NO YES

NO YES

If you honestly answered "yes" to a few or most of the above questions, think about why you did. But, for your own sake, don't feel terribly guilty. Given our backgrounds and our society it's almost predictable that most of us would not feel totally open and free in our attitudes towards the disabled. But that's not to say we can't change. Or don't want to change.

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CONCEPT

Paddler-to-the-Sea

I found Robert Hall's article A Man, A Tree and an Ocean in Coast (Mar. 8), on George Techer's voyage, very interesting, especially the anthropological implications. However, I would like to point out that the statement suggesting that it was the first such voyage in 1,000 years is not accurate. I refer to the voyage of the *Tikilau*, a 30-foot dugout canoe. On May 30, 1905, John Voss and Norman Landon set off from Victoria, B.C., to the South Pacific. Their course took them to Tahiti, Samoa and Fiji. Eventually, Voss sailed the *Tikilau* around Africa and reached the Thames River in England on Sept. 2, 1906. The astonishing thing was that the *Tikilau* had been made by the Iroquois Indians, out of a single red cedar log, at least 160 years before the voyage began. Although the *Tikilau* did not land in Hawaii, this voyage should warrant some recognition as it proved the seaworthiness of West Coast Indian canoes—and the possibility of westward migrations of people by sea.

JAN ROSENBERG, BIRMINGHAM

One postman's meat

David Thomas's article *The Adominable Postman* (Feb. 19) was *Bonhomie* (Feb. 19) but perhaps a very personal view of one man's isolated experience of Quebec City's winter carnival. I am very glad that he did not enjoy himself, but I can assure you that many of us do, in fact, nearly a million people do every year. The article states that I used my "own authority as postmaster-general" to issue a stamp commemorating the carnival and my "access to federal funds" to donate \$25,000 of post office money to compensate for the bad weather. "How-



Techer's dugout, recalling the *Tikilau*

ever, the grant was provided through the secretary of state of Canada to enhance the economic, social and national benefits of the Quebec carnival. The money had absolutely nothing to do with post office funds. The article not only committed an injustice to me but to the Quebec carnival, to the thousands of volunteers and to the people of Quebec in its negative approach. The carnival is a time of celebration and joy, an event through which Quebecers share their hospitality to all Canadians and try to promote an understanding of their identity and culture. It is unfortunate that your article could not compensate this to its readers.

J. GILLESPIE MONTAGNE,
POSTMASTER-GENERAL, OTTAWA

Look forward angel

Thank you very much for your prompt tribute to my father, W. A. C. Bennett. However, I have one small protest to make. W. A. C. Bennett did not suffer several political defeats before he was elected to the British Columbia legislature as stated in the column *Wacky's Formula*. Never *Willy*, Never *Complax*, Just *Pretend Your Crimes Don't*

Ever Exist (Mar. 8). When he first ran for the seat, in 1941, he was elected and he continued to be elected by the people of the Okanagan to the legislature in Victoria until his retirement in 1973. His only defeat at the polls was when he ran for the federal Conservative party. His attempt to reform the Conservatives also ended in failure but, when he washed his hands of them and crossed the floor to sit as an Independent, he was never again personally defeated. When he later ran as a Social Credit member and became the leader of the Social Credit party in British Columbia, he never looked back. In fact, one could always say that he always looked forward with his eyes set on the best possible future for us all.

NED C. H. TOLSON, KILGOMER, B.C.

Breach of etiquette

As a concerned yachtsman, I read with interest A Doctor Shakes the Flagrant Fishbait (Feb. 12). Your article has brought a deep-seated sense of relief to pressures we have felt in our study of flagrant fishbaiting as an ever-growing social factor in a frequent breach of yachting etiquette. To meet this need, we have in preparation a monograph on Fishbaiting as a Grounded Dinghy, but were pleased that your article arrived in time to allow a reprint for revision. Thus our chapter on *Reinforce Control Techniques* now has a disclaimer on deck as a factor of control and follows Dr. Levitt's leadership in terminology. This chapter will appear under the more contemporary heading, *Fishing Parties: The real Christ of our society* in the preservation of these valued rules of behavior for polite society that are epitomized by our members. There is nothing that destroys the composure of a Sunday afternoon yachting party as that ultimate, multi-sensory indignation revealed with the unabashed exuberance of fart in a bathtub. It's just not done, you know!

CLIFFORD DOUGLAS
CORPORATE FOUNDER,
BOOBS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE
YACHTING SOCIETY, FISHBAIT, CALIF.

Bugs in the bunny

Your article A Rabbit with Elephantina (March 5) states that the Point Lepreau nuclear reactor will cost New Brunswick and other Maritime taxpayers \$800 million to construct. But what about the millions of dollars used to dispose of the extremely toxic nuclear wastes which are generated during the production of nuclear electricity? The life expectancy of a nuclear plant is only 30 years, then it must be specially dismantled or sealed due to the highly dangerous buildup of radioactive contamination.

ROBERT F. HALL MATTHEWS, HALIFAX

Prime crime

I was pleased to see Crime as a Terminal Problem (Feb. 19) on computer crime. This is an area in which not only the public but also the data processing community itself still requires education. However, your emphasis on the government, Bell Canada and the banks reinforces the notion that it is only large corporations and financial institutions which face this problem. In fact, it is only because of their fewer resources, medium- and small-sized computer centres are at least as vulnerable to the threats to computer crime. Also, it is not necessary for a company to hire computer security experts to counter this threat. There are a number of organizations, our own included, which can provide these highly specialized services to companies which either cannot afford or do not need their own full-time experts.

COLIN C. BOYD,
JUDGE, FINCH & ASSOCIATES LTD.,
TORONTO

Babes in boyland

The disturbing thing about the case of homecoming queen, Hanson and Pigart, as reported in *The Boys in the Band Play On* (Feb. 28), is that they are so willing to give at least tacit support to the exploitation and indoctrination of those who do not have the rationality to make a considered choice—that being the children. They advocate home-made "own right" to choose and personal freedom in actions, but see no contradiction in denying children the opportunity to develop intellectually and physically to the point where they, too, can make similar choices. It is paradoxical that the freedoms they are so desperately attempting to win for themselves, they are so willing to deny to others.

NORMAN GLEADOW, VICTORIA, B.C.



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Letters

New myths for old

As a hockey fan I must challenge the denigrating and specious argument set out in Hal Quinn's *Exploiting the Myth of Hockey Supremacy* (Feb. 26). Few would argue with the idea that the Soviets have produced a hockey club with masterful skills, as demonstrated in the recent 1981 Soviet Challenge Cup series.



Challenger Cup action, not as dramatic

that Quakerberry substitutes are much better. Another note the motion that the USSR will dominate international hockey forever and ever. If we were to win this, it would have to explain why the U.S. All Stars defeated a good Soviet team in three consecutive games, why the Detroit Red Wings defeated the Minnesota Wings in January and why, last season, the Winnipeg Jets triumphed the Soviet national squad 5-2 in Winnipeg. I did not see the NHL All-Stars outclassed or disgraced, but I did see them dismantled. We have learned that we cannot assemble a team in three days to handle the best the Soviets can do.

BOBENT L. MCCORMACK,
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR,
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY,
UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG, WINNIPEG

Father's big helper

There was something missing in your article Don Gray at Work. Still Delivering (Feb. 23). When I am in New Brunswick, I visit the Grays. Edith Gray will be found late into the evening helping Don prepare his load for the next day's route. His wife does much, much more than hand him "the fresh white grocer's sack" every day.

AGRICULTURE, NORTON, B.C.

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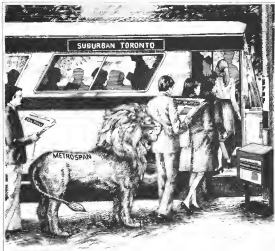
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Frontlines

A papermaker goes against the grain

At the Papermill Mill near Cambridge, Ontario, they make handmade paper out of the factory scraps from doctor's smocks. The result is a "beautiful, ethereal press," according to mill proprietor Andrew Smith, who also has plans for reducing old tuxedos and police uniforms to colored pulp. The newly opened mill, a joint venture of Toronto arts dealer Art Issues, arts entrepreneur Earl Bauer, the 34-year-old Smith and 46 other corporate shareholders, is the only consumer-old producer of handmade paper in North America. Smith is serious about his product. "If you took a Kirlian photograph of a piece of machine-made paper," he says, "the handmade paper would show a bigger aura."

Smith has spent the past year over-seeing renovations of the 150-year-old Feldstone building, a former grist mill located on five acres of farmland along the Speed River. Before the move, Smith was making paper in the basement of a barn in Mississauga, Ontario. For four years he had no operating capital, often couldn't pay his rent, and occasionally lived on goose eggs. Issues, who knew and liked Smith's work, says, "I had an instinctive feeling this could be a viable product. It's very beautiful and can be sold."

The Papermill: down by the old mill race



At the heart of the operation is Smith's total absorption with his product. "Handmade paper is spontaneous and full of life," he says. "The human being has worked with it from the very beginning. It may contain a hair from the vatman's beard or dirt from his hands." Smith once spent a summer with the natives of American Samoa, making tapa cloth from pulverized tree bark. He later pursued an interest in silk-screening which led him to paper-

making. Smith's grandfather, a stamp collector, told him how one of their ancestors had invented the light-and-shade watermarking technique now used for stamps because it can convey flesh tones. Eight years ago, following ancestral ways, Smith devised a new watermarking technique—a lamination process that can reproduce full-color photographic imagery as part of the inherent composition of paper. Now that he has production facilities, he foresees

Blue Danube.
It speaks for itself.



and they will keep Quebec some day, is going to need them, on any terms.

That Preford reflects the new Newfoundland nationalism is undeniable, although I wouldn't like it to be called nationalism, because of the connotation given it by what's happening in Quebec. It gets a start on what we're trying to do. I think we are going to have to make it quite clear to Ottawans and the other provinces that we are partners in Confederation. But just that—partners. We don't want to be lumped into some eastern Canadian mould. Preford hopes Newfoundland will become recognized as a separate, sixth region of the country rather than as an extension of the three Maritime provinces. He points out that philosophy is not totally new in Newfoundland politics—Norman and others have been saying things which implied as much for years. "I see only planning to start to articulate the implications."

Preford sees few problems in adjusting to his new duties. He recognizes he may have to work on his sharp tongue—"I see I draw a bit, but not exorcism it." He is a pragmatic and impatient man, seen by some as being cocky, although few people who have actually worked with him share that view. At 35, he is the second youngest premier in Canada (Brent Campbell of P.E.I. is a year younger to the day), and only the third youngest Newfoundland has had since joining Confederation in 1949. Preford feels that as premier he will get to spend more time with his family, now his wife, Maureen, and daughters, Sue-Anne, and Carolyn, 3, will visit him more now. John's from their home at South Beach, on the northeast coast. There may be less time for his reading, though. An English major from Memorial University in St. John's—he taught school before entering politics—Preford spends most of his spare time reading, generally politics or poetry and philosophy. He also used to be an avid sportsman, especially in hockey and baseball, but as one of his friends observed, "Brent wasn't a real kid anymore—the youngest premier in Newfoundland will be too busy living up to his leadership responsibilities, making the province take the next step forward."

The Nation

Warding off the Margaret factor

In Ottawa it was the talk of lunch tables and cocktail parties. When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau moved home for two days with flu, it was guessed to be the reason. A top exceptionist straightened out the "X factor." The cause of the kerfuffle? The perceptions of Margaret Trudeau who



Trudeau and Charest, sister (left) looking in the glazed mirror of the stars

last week, appropriately, turned up in Walt Disney's Florida fantasy world. True to the form he has exhibited since the couple's separation in 1973, Trudeau publicly exhibited no sign that he was perturbed about the couple and content of his private life. In the Commons he attacked Opposition leader Joe Clark with rare vigor on energy policy. That same night, bestowing kisses on guitarist Lenny Kravitz and playing all around, he appeared front and centre in Toronto at the annual Jamboree for music—and grabbed eight golden moments of live CTV-TV time just before the night, none to promote his government's policies on Canadian culture.

In presenting the Hall of Fame award to country singer Hank Snow, and by basking in the glazed mirror of the new stars, Trudeau managed a substantial selection of some faces that spanned generations and was worth 18 appearances in the Commons question period. Joe Clark should have asked for equal time.

Privately, though, Trudeau's handlers were worried about the unseen, personal toll that the Margaret factor may have in the midst of an election campaign. As one sympathetic veteran of past political wars puts it, "Let's face it, he goes to his room for 30 minutes to rest up for a big speech in Ritchie and reads in the *Montreal* news of Margaret's latest sex savings. He knows when he goes downstairs to face the crowd that

"ugh, Margaret will not let me and that Mrs. Trudeau had caught me playing in 1973 that she had had a number one hit and that Margaret Kennedy a spokesman for the prime minister's personal and public life, most notably the fact. A *Weekly* spokesman said the prime minister's



all 2,500 how read the very same story." While the X factor is not the only reason, concern about a deflated Trudeau shot on the stump at the same time that Margaret is on tour promoting her upcoming book *Myself Alone* is one reason why some Liberal back-roomers have now urged Trudeau to postpone the election until June. Naming the sexualization of the book in newspapers which starts next week, one senior cabinet adviser says "I'd prefer to have that as history, before we call the election."

Trudeau, of course, is the final master of the timing, but he will have to play arrier between top advisers who have been split into doves and hawks. Senator Keith Dunder, the campaign co-

ordinator with Justice Minister Marc Lalonde, is the leading exponent of a June election (the 18th is his personal favorite date) because Canadians tend to be in a better mood in the summer. Dunder also has the country's latest polls which suggest that the Liberals are behind in suburban Toronto and that prospects are dim for such Ontario strongholds as High Park, North York, Scarborough, Alton Towers and York Mills.

In contrast, ministers such as Allan Rock (Justice) and Jean Charest (Health) are in the mood for a June election. This is a view supported by Trudeau's chief of staff, Jim Coates. With that army of conflicting advice, the decision likely will be determined largely by the way Trudeau feels in his gut.

There was a hint in Vancouver two weeks ago that the Margaret issue will follow him around the campaign trail even if the PM doesn't allow it to get under his thick skin. On the way into a meeting with University of British Columbia students, Trudeau was attempting to explain his policies on marijuana when a 16-year-old proponent of pot shot back: "Yeah, but I don't have the right to bring me income in my room—like Margaret."

Margaret aside all parties are eyeing a particularly nasty campaign. A further indication came last week when the Conservatives, upon learning that Trudeau planned a major speech in the House, tried to stall proceedings with procedural gyrations. One of those resulted in a one-day postponement of the Tories' anti-Trudeau critique, *Kiss Coates*, which broke the rules of the club by accusing Trudeau of lying about his expense accounts, that is, not knowing Coates's questions about \$90,000 of Trudeau's office spending.

The Conservatives also hit out at the Liberals over the government's question on the 30-year-old Arab embargo. Instead of Israel in an open pick for Arab votes, Clark demanded that the government press on with its boycott. He said the Tories "sighed to cough it up the legislation would force companies pressured to join the boycott to report to Ottawa. But no more, when the Liberals proposed with agreement from Conservative House Leader Walter Baker, to dispose of the legislation in one day. Education Minister William Skelly, elected by Independent Leonard Jones, refused the required unanimous consent, delaying the debate.

What troubled the matter off was a statement by Trade Minister Jack Horner that the Liberals in Ottawa, more stringent than Ottawa proposals, is "costing to trade" and that Queen's

Park is playing politics. Horner may have had his eye on \$600 million worth of exports to Arab markets last year, vs. \$81 million to Israel, but Toronto Liberals who need Jewish votes and who believe that Horner will lose his Alberta seat despite described on the trade minister of causes to berate him.

Walking short and carrying the Canadian Club

Canada's version of the Happy Warrior landed into Vancouver last week in a confusing show-and-tell battle of heavy-weight federal candidates for B.C. crucial 23 Commons seats. David Crombie, the Times' top pick for new star, stormed from isolation show to land race to University of British Columbia but at the same time of Green-Globe mid-range of strength through



Crombie on the microphone, hotline drill

the land and a charismatic absence at Liberal's bidding. Guided by one student leader to take it out of the government, Crombie replied sweetly. My mother taught me that if you can't say something nice about someone, then don't say anything at all.

It was the 10th party point to seven provinces since Crombie's Oct. 18 doubling of Liberal loss leader John Evans in Toronto's Pleasantville. Since then that victory the Conservatives have been exploiting the high Crombie profile, quoted during his speech as Toronto mayor. He's running as a proponent, explains one Tory veteran.

Looking haggard, Crombie scored in Vancouver with his anti-social, open government. "I'm confident, incredible." "I'm a little confused but he has been. Jack is a highly personable person, a mouthy fellow. At a Monday morning of the

fractiousness, Crombie presided his now liberal politics of the party's leadership. He was not at all at all caught between the Tories (Liberal's True North voice) and at least had the Reformist Crombie's winning corporate interest in the federal government in the case of a strong running bid to leadership. Told by some voters, Tories as leaders, and Crombie's easy, straight-forward style has led to his strong support and re-buys by old Ottawa hands. In his first public appearance in Vancouver, Crombie landed easily as he engaged with Tory economic and constitutional positions and new and old problems emerged, such as calling 1985 Tory elections in Quebec. Jordan



not abandon, and calling for the abolition of the Senate was acknowledging that the party's primary concern. But along with his new shadow cabinet position of development on voluntary action. No reality in a following 3 he announced recommendations to make charitable organizations a tax credit rather than a tax deduction and thereby removing such government paper.

For a B.C. Tory veteran that holds 13 of the 23 current B.C. federal seats, Crombie's careful handling the party's primary about the burden his sovereignty association (which caused) did not mean harm. Grand strategy played into Vancouver media pitch Jack Webster, who says a claim: he city's last-time mayor by a claim: Crombie's aim at the end of a televised interview and joking "If you lose the next election, come back to Vancouver and I'll back you against Jack Turner."

Thomas Brinkman

Listening to the sound of silence

The noise on the telephone is muffled. We want a brighter orchestra. We want to work for our fans. We want to them," says the Atlantic Symphony Or-

chestra string player, who refuses to be identified "that we're fighting for our survival."

Survived in a word both sides are often in descending a dispute that has silenced Atlantic Canada's 46-member orchestra since late January. Deborah

The Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, some of its last subjects are foreigners



Barley, who is a member of the orchestra, decided to support opinions. The silence spread from Halifax, where the orchestra is based, throughout the Maritimes as scheduled concerts were cancelled. The orchestra claims to travel more than any other symphony in North America performing 45 days a year on the road, performing subscription series in Fredericton.

The orchestra was not on strike. The silence began after the orchestra had played about half of the 100 concerts on its 41-week season when President Dr. Richard Goldblum and the 400-board of directors decided to support opinions. The silence spread from Halifax, where the orchestra is based, throughout the Maritimes as scheduled concerts were cancelled. The orchestra claims to travel more than any other symphony in North America performing 45 days a year on the road, performing subscription series in Fredericton.

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between the ACO and the Atlantic Federation of Musicians local 321 since last May. The musicians are underpaid, receiving between \$9,500 and \$11,500 per season (including fees from the ACO) but they know that the orchestra barely keeps afloat financially and expect to have to scramble for supplementary engagements. Questions apartment are job security and "the union regulation" — a demand for greater player participation in the hiring of new members for the orchestra, including foreigners.

The Organization of Canadian Symphony Musicians — a players' union — position within the union — resolved last August in Winnipeg that in copper-nationwide negotiations should include at least new members — eight players and the conductor — and operate as a union, director based in Halifax, the union is scheduled 40 to 45 between orchestra Director Victor Vampola and his musicians when Canadian conductors are being auditioned — but when foreigners apply the director can't be auditioned. "The experience has been that Canadians are unacceptably rejected. I think it's because we have an inferiority complex when it comes to our own artists," says Samuel Levine, a member of

the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and a leading voice in the ACO. But in Halifax Dr. Goldblum insists "Canada is not producing enough good musicians to satisfy the need." Jeff Stern, chairman of the players' committee, argues "We're not trying to close the door to foreigners. We just want to see that people who live here have a fair chance at the jobs." After eight weeks the discordant silence triggered by the union resolution showed some signs of lifting when orchestra members received a

new contract offer — but at the weekend the vote was a tie. Whatever happens in Halifax, however, employee musicians in other cities will undoubtedly take up the demand for a greater say in the shaping of the orchestra in which they play.

Sue Calloway

Manitoba

The jobs that are rated PG

Workers at the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company copper plant in the northern Manitoba town of Pin Point are among about the company's effort that it will refuse employment to women of childbearing age because of the dangers of lead poisoning in their. Only women who not prove they have been sterilized will be hired in future, the company says. After women, ages 15 to 25, now working in the smelter have been advised to change jobs within the company — even if it means taking pay cuts.

The Hudson Bay demand in a direct response to growing fears and debate

about what constitutes safe and dangerous levels of lead pollution that the union also has complained to the union about the pay cut.

In the United States, five women employees at American Cyanamid's chemical plant in Willow Island, West Virginia, recently admitted they had had themselves sterilized last year in the belief that it would prevent them losing their jobs. Two of the women, in January, said that they now regret having had the surgery. In 1973, two women employees of Allied Chemical in Des Moines, Iowa, who had been laid off, got sterilized in order to reclaim their jobs. Later, it was denied by scientists that

they hadn't been in any danger at the plant and that the sterilization wasn't necessary.

Debbie Barley was caught in that same trap, unwilling to be sterilized, facing a pay cut — yet worried that if she stayed on the job she could suffer the ill effects of lead poisoning. The last time Debbie got test results, her count was in the 300 figure, so she took some time off. Since then, she has been tested (as have four other women workers — one married, two single, one engaged) but the results haven't been released. The company doctor told at the laboratory in Winnipeg doesn't have enough tests to get (the results) back to us," Debbie says.



Dr. Walter Krzywicki, medical consultant to the Manitoba labor department, downplays the lead problem, saying "Personally, I don't like U.S. problems spilling over into Canada. Lead levels in the food vary greatly in their effect on people and I think this is a political rather than medical prob-

Barley (left) and the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting plant, growing fears.



Pin Point, the Canadian Association of Industrial, Mechanical and Allied Workers in Winnipeg, blames the Manitoba government. "Instead of harassing women from the Pin Point smelter, the company should be reducing the risk to all workers there," he says. "The state did nothing about this problem and the Conservative are now asking for company co-operation, which is a farce. Prevention is better than cure."

All the Pin Point smelter, Debbie Barley, 25, a Maritimes employee, admits that she and husband Lewis, 38, are worried. "We would like to have children but now we're late. Last fall I was the family doctor and he said it would be fine to work up to the seventh month of I got pregnant. Now I hear that a blood level of 85 might be dangerous and I've had a test reading of 105. There seems to be so much ignorance among doctors."

Debbie was making \$710 an hour working as a puncher, which involved using equipment to keep air holes into the smelter's copper converter. Her job also required her to take samples from the molten flow. The company has offered her an outside job with pick and shovel at \$515 an hour, which she will have to take because she refuses to consider surgery for steriliza-

ins. Blood levels mean nothing to me. I'm more interested in the worker's symptoms."

"You don't know who to believe, but I definitely won't stay in the smelter any longer," says Delia Barley. "The dust seems safer though than I have to take a joy cut. They should remove the danger, not the women, from the smelter." Meanwhile, male workers at the plant are beginning to wonder just how safe the old lead standard really is. Last week the Pin Point local of the United Steelworkers of America filed a new claim with the Manitoba Human Rights Commission asking it to investigate Hudson Bay Mining policy at the smelter. The union claims that the new edict discriminates against men by allowing higher lead counts for them and says that such levels might interfere with the men's procreative systems.

Peter Carlyle-Gardie



A step beyond the Man from Glad

Industrial health hazards aren't limited to workers in plants that mine or produce dangerous chemicals and compounds (see story above). The storage and disposal of toxic wastes has been a troubling problem throughout Canada (see story Oct. 2) as private companies and governments wrangle over how to dispose of industrial garbage safely so that it can't work its way back to farm people. Now a major discussion in Edmonton has given rise to a \$12-million plant that will safely destroy toxic solvents, lead bottom sediments, hazardous pesticides and poisons. Gerry Barker, backed by Jewish Canadian envi-

Edmonton

The high price of God's little acres

When Solomon decided to make good on David's promise to build the Lord a permanent place of worship, he was fortunate he wasn't a resident of Edmonton. All Solomon had to do was haggle with Him over the price of building supplies. If he had had to negotiate a land purchase at current Edmonton prices there is a very good chance the Israelites would still be working out in tents. In the booming oil capital of Canada, where three-lane road boulevards start at \$30,000, the price of serviced residential land in new suburban developments is currently running at an average of \$180,000 an acre, with some going for as much as \$300,000. The result: more than 30 of the city's 350 religious communities are renting space in Edmonton schools because they can't afford to build churches—which is fine if someone

Gordon. \$35,000 trucks to haul early waste

lives. He's set up Kinetic Containers which will collect wastes from across Western Canada and transport them by special truck and railway link car to Edmonton for sorting and treatment. Acids will be neutralized where possible, other chemicals will be burned up in a 1,800°C gas-fueled furnace in which will be reduced gases scrubbed of impurities.

The need for Gordon's burner is certainly urgent. For instance, Edmonton Power has 2,000 litres of rancid-used polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) in storage. Pesticides, paint mills and electrical equipment manufacturers have realized that they're putting into temporary storage, in landfills or in deep well storage, says a spokesman for the Alberta government's hazardous waste division. None of that storage is up to the calibre of the new.

Gordon's foray in the electrical industry along the oil fields, subarctic that the Edmonton plant will be too small to handle the demand within three years of opening. That's when he would like to open a second, larger, division in western Ontario that could take on the much greater demand for waste deposited in Eastern Canada.

The Edmonton plant should be ready to begin by 1985 and Kinetic has already begun road testing a \$35,000 prototype of the trucks that will haul toxic wastes from the Edmonton collection centres. Approval for the plant and building still has to be obtained but, says the province's spokesman, "We're quite happy it's happening."

STEPHEN KRAMER

wants to duck into the gym to avoid a few baskets between services.

"A church needs two to five acres of land," says Father John McNeil, whose 7,000-member congregation packs itself 400 to 500 at a time into two small rooms beside a Roman Catholic school's gymnasium. "Add the cost of construction [a minimum of \$1 million] to the escalating land costs and you ask yourself where a congregation can come up with almost \$6 million for a church of its size." Church agencies offer small grants and loans to congregations, but the local flock will have to come up with huge amounts of cash and then carry a mortgage at conventional interest rates.

But while congregation members—most struggling with their own home mortgages at 12-per-cent interest—try to dig down a little deeper, Edmonton religious leaders are stuck with a spiritual Catch-22. The historic tax dispensation for religious groups is none with this reality: The provision that churches are "tax-exempt" only applies to land and buildings in use for "divine worship." If a congregation scraps and saves \$2 million to buy land, if they may have to wait a few years before starting construction—all the while paying taxes to the city at the assessed value of undeveloped land. That drug has driven some churches into the development game. One enterprising United Church congregation ledged its bets by buying up residential lots on speculation. When land prices rose (as they inevitably do in Edmonton), some of the parcels were returned for a church and the remaining lots put up for sale. When a pending deal is completed, the profits will retire the mortgage and the new church will be built.

The congregations of Edmonton making do in rented school buildings are beginning to adjust to their unsettled existence, but living without ovens, stoves, string Barb-potency fumes and Gothic ceilings somehow dampens the mood spirit. The prices of both land and prices have struck Catholic and Protestant alike and has encouraged a pessimistic form of conservatism. Some denominations—the lucky ones with churches—are renting space and time to the less fortunate. And the cost of worship has thrown many denominations together in the Inter-Church Planning Association which negotiates as a unit with government and developers in trying to acquire suitable land sites for its member churches.

"For reason, the whole problem is location," says one member of the association, says McNeil. "The stained-glass windows and towering steeples are a thing of the past. The emphasis is now on practical multipurpose buildings." Wayne Sklar



World

Bridge over troubled waters?

The week holds a triumph of sorts. The signing of a peace treaty between Israelis and Arab states is the newest of promises—although many say selling it blind-sided pessimists—and the winning of a compromise which, in effect, says the gentlemen will check their guns at the door before getting down to the day-to-day bargaining. For as of 3,300 White House pressmen to Mideast's signing ceremony knew, not only did the treaty leave much unsettled between Egypt and Israel, but it also was a catalyst, ending the war clouds of the Middle East.

As far as they go, the treaty (setting the timetable for Israeli evacuation of the Sinai, the terms of diplomatic relations and military agreements) and the side agreements (a three-state Palestinian autonomy and the future of the West Bank and Gaza among other issues) are positive steps. But the first steps are largely recommendations unless followed by a treaty, and the war is still blazing.

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Be-

gin's recent assertion that Israel would never permit a Palestinian state on the West Bank or Gaza, would never withdraw its 1967 borders or give East Jerusalem back to the Arabs, admitted that the next series of negotiations would be as tough as those that have ensued since November, 1977, when Egyptian President Anwar Sadat began the peace process with his landmark visit to Jerusalem. The Egyptians held that Israel committed itself at the Camp David summit last year to the principle of genuine self-rule for the Palestinians on the West Bank, and insisted that East Jerusalem must be returned as well. There is no hint of a breakthrough in these areas.

Diplomats in Washington feel that the greatest danger of breakdown will come when Egypt and Israel simply get tired of slugging at each other, with neither side giving an inch on the vital issues, rather than by any interference from outside Arab forces.

Nat that they have far to go for that interference. Arab critics speak of the "document of shame" as if it were the

Israeli's Knesset votes "yes", the greatest danger is when they get tired of clenching

convulsions of war. Demagogues and threats of war came from Iraq, Syria, Saudi Arabia and other quarters last week. A meeting of the Arab League will decide this week a cautious support for Egypt, the pan-Arab, and Iraq has threatened to attack any Arab nation that fails to comply with the league's decision.

Those and other quarrels weaken American President Jimmy Carter's claim that the treaty is the cornerstone of a comprehensive Middle East peace, although even his domestic critics grant that his timely interventions salvaged the agreement, such as it is. Carter must now live with the danger of a backfire should the over-optimism from this week's report, rather than seven, American oil supplies. It's possible to give extra aid with the 1980 presidential election within months. So the three heads of state clench while they ease, with a will. They have a truce, of sorts. ☐

Guarding the ballot box

Lawyer Maurice Bishop, 35, and his left-leaning band of young revolutionaries are now in complete control of the spice island of Grenada—Canada, the United States and Britain all officially accepted him as the new head of government late last week. But Bishop's street uprising and overthrow of Prime Minister Sir Eric Gairy—justified though it might have been—has given the rest of the Caribbean the worst case of jittery since Fidel Castro took over Cuba. Opponent parties throughout the area have been alerted just how easy it is to overthrow the status quo without resorting to the ballot box.

"We fear that a maoist-type, maoist-style syndrome will develop," said an adviser to the Barbados government. And there were rumors last week that a number of island governments would build up their defense forces over the next few months to guard against communist coups.

"No one in the Caribbean regrets that Bishop has taken over," said another Caribbean official. "It's just the way he did it that bothers us. Of course it was probably the only thing he could do, because Sir Eric was quite capable of rigging the vote in an election." For more than 30 years, Gairy ruled Grenada with little concern for democracy. He employed a secret police force that struck down his opponents with terror.

Revolutionary guard and (inset) Bishop, the worst case of jittery since Fidel Castro.



tactics at night. Bishop's father was shot dead four years ago when he allegedly took part in a demonstration that "endangered public safety." Gairy's descendant of an African slave—was frequently accused of corruption, and he boasted that many of his policies were based on racist mores.

Gairy was in New York on March 13, when Bishop's poorly armed and ill-organized New Jewel Movement took over the island. There was practically no resistance—the police and small arms establishments seemed surprised to find their old boss. And after appealing in vain to Britain, Canada and the U.S. for military help to win back his island, Gairy officially resigned as prime minister last week.

Meanwhile, Bishop has taken about 100 political prisoners, all of whom seem to have been treated extremely well; they are even allowed daily visits from family and friends. He has promised to release most of them soon, to hold democratic elections within six months, and to guarantee human rights.

The Bishop regime has asked the United States to extradite Gairy on charges relating from corruption to murder, but since there is no extradition treaty between the two countries the request has been turned down. "We did not expect our request to be honored and we made it partly as a warning—so that Gairy, knowing the charges he will face if he ever comes back here," said a member of Bishop's new government last week. (William Lawlor



Ireland

The chorus: all work and no pay

I got a stormy birth in Cillaberne, a party adolescence across the country, and now it has leaped the Atlantic. Last week a throng of some 200,000 striking workers emptied Dublin's city centre to protest what they regard as Ireland's unfair tax code—taxpayers' revolts were alive and well, far from home.

In the 18th-century splendor of Leinster House, seat of the Irish Parliament, ministers and opposition members alike were virtually muzzled without heat or refreshment as the tide

of humanity surged past. Most of the country's industrial life seemed to halt as the one-day strike took hold. Buses and trains were abandoned by their crews. Dublin Airport could manage only a skeleton service and there were widespread blackouts when power workers walked off the job. Essential services were maintained, as the strikers had promised, but even the pubs closed as bartenders joined the stoppage.

The workers' anger was directed at the pay-to-you-earn, or PAYE system, under which income tax is deducted from salary checks. Irish PAYE workers pay almost 50% of every £10 collected by the government, even though they earn only 67 per cent of the national income.

The issue has been simmering for years and can be traced to Ireland's heady economic growth in the past decade. Traditionally poor farmers, the Irishmen have grown fat not only on the benefits of Irish membership in the European Economic Community but also because they have retained tax concessions made to them in former times. The generous tax incentives given to encour-

Secretaries with secrets: Bonn's borderline cases

Hilge Roediger had a well-worn path when she slipped behind the Iron Curtain to do work after a successful five-year career as a spy in top West German government circles. The dumpy, 46-year-old woman was the fourth West German secretary to do so with secrets this month in a flurry of defections that the Germans have dubbed the flight of the secretary birds. And Roediger ended such her in her flight to East Germany that she was an extra footnote in the annals of espionage: she took along her pet octopus.

The secretary's loneliness for birds was not the only reason: head in the island at a dinner to spy on students to spy on West Germany in the last few months. The German public found it equally odd that police had suspected Roediger, who worked for State Secretary Manfred Lahnstein and dealt directly with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt on occasion, to no fewer than four security checks without finding anything when she was debriefed with inside data from the French spy ring where Lahnstein is second in command. Spurred public anger for a shakedown in the methods used by Bonn's security services to foil the estimated 3,000 East German spies who haunt government offices, public parties and

age industrial investment means the national purse gets little contribution from industry, and the revenue service itself has proved unable to deal with widespread tax evasion by self-employed and professional people—evasion which some estimates put as high as \$900 million a year. Last week's march was sparked by a government decision in February to drop a controversial section of its 1959 budget which would have taxed farmers more heavily.

Premier Jack Lynch, who had a

grandstand view of the march from his office, gave way to the show of feeling as gracefully as he could. He told Parliament the tax system was unfair, but that changes would take time, and he promised to collect more revenue from farmers this fiscal year. Lynch's promise was not entirely voluntary, for the trade unions have given him only until April 30 to come up with a new agreement on pay and taxation. Otherwise, May 1, the traditional Labor Day, will be the occasion for another march.

Brerada Keenan



Early defector Hilge Roediger, 46, left.

both sides in West Germany. But the spy catches themselves were not particularly sporty. They knew the event—the most serious was the flight of a NATO secretary who later turned up to spit the beans of East German television—at least occur months in the 11 last war with their most spooked. The East German state security service (Stasi).

Indeed, West Germany has even felt afraid in the past since January when an important East German intelligence officer named Werner Stiller came west after working for Bonn as a mole inside the Stasi. Stiller's defection not only led to the inevitable arrest of 15 spies in West Germany and prompted an unknown number of other East German agents to defect, but also showed that spies also—love, and to whom women with double-blind their men to do the number of security headquarters in Cologne.

Peter Lewis

Champagne time for the doom machines—but doom for whom?

The Pentagon was overjoyed. Just last week it seemed that the mighty new Trident nuclear submarine was to do its last light-airborne years of shakedown tests: design, technical, tactical and huge cost overrun. On April 7 a bottle of champagne will be cracked over the bow of the boat. Then the ship will be heading back to the sea. The testing behind it will be \$1 billion more than the voters of a Clinton-Carew-led, shakedown. The ship will continue for more than a year.

Although much remains to be done, the first submarine could be patrolling the Pacific in 1988, with three more to follow over the next two years. Clinton's defense secretary, the tough new manager hired by the Pentagon, says the submarine will be a "game-changer" for the United States.

The Trident fleet—disappearing as it is—has a nuclear arsenal as big as the one in the hands of the Soviet Union. It is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea. It is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea. It is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea.

Pakistan

The wrong arm of the law

For all the appeal that Pakistan's new Islamic era might have to radicals and traditionalists, the new legal system is not what it seems. It is a system that is designed to enforce Islamic law. It is a system that is designed to enforce Islamic law. It is a system that is designed to enforce Islamic law.

A typical new Pakistani steps a married couple, and for an evening stroll, and accuses the wife of being a prostitute, the husband her client. The couple is taken to court to enforce the prescribed punishment of "whipping, not exceeding 30 stripes" and a fine, the man and wife plead innocence. The couple does not have them, they face two unpleasant alternatives: either they spend several hours in the police

a billion-dollar bite on the Head Canal which is to be headquarters, training and refueling centre for perhaps 10 Trident and their crews. Seattle is just 16 miles from the base and Victoria and Vancouver are 100 miles further north along the coast sound shared by Canada and the U.S.

Trident is certainly a leaner weapon. It is as big as a cruiser, and carries 24 Trident missiles, each with between 10 and 12 independent warheads—nuclear warheads. The fleet will have the capability of destroying more than 3,000 city-size targets anywhere inside the U.S.

The 16 Trident fleet will cost around \$25 billion, and the full 29 sub fleet will cost \$100 billion. The fleet is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea. It is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea. It is the only U.S. nuclear weapon that can be launched from the sea.

U.S. incidents are also ongoing because the fleet must pass through the 15-mile wide Strait of Juan de Fuca, which is partly Canada's and is the only path out to the

the Pacific. The U.S. look Canadian feelings lately for granted," says David Gault, Vancouver environmental scientist working with another opposition group, the Pacific Life Coalition. "It is not just the threat of nuclear holocaust. Radiation leaks and possible pollution present a serious hazard to the fishing industry, which is vital to our economy."

But the fight against Trident has not been a simple one. Last May about 4,000 angry, unflagging demonstrators—including several hundred Canadians—marched past the Trident base while a small contingent broke through fences and staged a sit-in.

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William Steele

flights, with non-Muslim foreigners duty-free liquor 20 minutes before landing. Twenty minutes after landing, it is confiscated by customs officials—who tell travellers they can collect the liquor on the way out of the country. Those who eventually try are asked to produce special export licenses. Those they do not have. The alcohol stays behind.

On the black market in Pakistan, a bottle of imported whisky can fetch as much as \$100. Peter Nielsen



South Africa

A quarrel that won't go away

It was a hard work for South Africa on the diplomatic stage, both at home and abroad. In the United States, the latest in a long series of talks on Namibia was carried out by awkward, short-range shuttle diplomacy. The negotiators, seated at a round table, discussed the future of the territory, with the South African government and planning to supervised elections in the territory, were hampered by the fact that the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO), the main representative body of the South African people, was not invited to sit at the table. The SWAPO government, which is based in Namibia, has been fighting a guerrilla war against the South African government since 1975. The SWAPO government has been fighting a guerrilla war against the South African government since 1975.

These talks were made necessary when the U.S. plan to set up a joint fact-finding mission to investigate the situation in Namibia. The mission was to be led by a U.S. official, and the South African government was to be represented by a U.S. official. The mission was to be led by a U.S. official, and the South African government was to be represented by a U.S. official. The mission was to be led by a U.S. official, and the South African government was to be represented by a U.S. official.

But the mission was not without its problems. The South African government was not willing to accept the mission's findings. The South African government was not willing to accept the mission's findings. The South African government was not willing to accept the mission's findings. The South African government was not willing to accept the mission's findings. The South African government was not willing to accept the mission's findings.

Erica Christopherson



The U.S.

Putting the hex on The Warriors

South Africa on the diplomatic stage, both at home and abroad. In the United States, the latest in a long series of talks on Namibia was carried out by awkward, short-range shuttle diplomacy. The negotiators, seated at a round table, discussed the future of the territory, with the South African government and planning to supervised elections in the territory, were hampered by the fact that the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO), the main representative body of the South African people, was not invited to sit at the table. The SWAPO government, which is based in Namibia, has been fighting a guerrilla war against the South African government since 1975. The SWAPO government has been fighting a guerrilla war against the South African government since 1975.

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police, accounts of subway violence cluttered nearly with the journalistic photographs of Australian press magnate Rupert Murdoch, who has built an international newspaper empire on sex, scandal and violence. The Murdoch-owned New York Post has regularly played the subway story in banner headlines. "I don't think you need to look for complex pathological explanations for the violence," says New York postcarder Simon Frith. "It's more simple than that. Kids read about these crimes and that they go out and commit them." Mayor Koch agrees. "Are we responding to the exaggerated fears conveyed by the media? The answer is yes. But it is sufficient, and that even if the exaggeration were not true, we would still have to take major measures."

These include transferring 500 glass-shielded transit officers to patrol duty and assigning one policeman to every subway train between the high crime hours of 4 p.m. and 6 a.m.

In the week since the program has been instituted, subway crime has declined. "In one 24-hour period we saw 30 felonies, which is what we were averaging a year ago," says transit authority spokesman Edward Silberfarb. "But that's a sharp drop from the 62 to 44 felonies a day, which were averaging for the last three months."

Rita Christopherson

Ladies in purdah must always pay up

The hand is offered, the ring is kissed

As a bad thing, it was a grand gesture. Being to bilateral pressure (as well as political pressure) the National Hockey League, in all its paternalistic wisdom, placed forgiving father last week and welcomed back its prodigal son. The World Hockey Association, said it, a problem child if there ever was one, was offered a spot in the One True Field. As the spring carnival in what could resemble all of North America's major hockey players in one league, it was the most audacious move on the part of the NHL, more it might as well have over come us. So far, so good.

After two years of beleaguering expansion talks and three previous farcical votes by the NHL board of governors (the last being two weeks ago in Key Largo, Florida, ignored on its, the intervention of a federal cabinet minister and a threat by western beer drinkers never to flip another Molson's lid and prosecuted by an eleven-hour pro-segger motion on the floor of the House of Commons, the NHL voted 14 to 3 in favor of letting four WHA veterans, the Edmonton Oilers, Quebec Nordiques, Winnipeg Jets and the New England Whalers, into its private club for the 1979-80 season. The Cincinnati Stingers and Birmingham Bulls were not invited, and despite Toronto, Minnesota, Los Angeles and Hartford's somewhat badly-tempered badgering of the upstairs league ("We adding four more lousy teams were in even worse shape") or Boston Bruins' Paul Mullen's pro-vote threat to sue his own brethren (4 now there are six) and for causing the WHA, whose final, on the by-laws board, the question looked large how-ever what price patriotism?

Given the WHA's well-earned reputation for having franchisees fold faster than paper tents (there were 14 now there are six) and for causing the NHL, considerable grief by starting up under-age juniors and setting off a salary bidding war which most owners will neither forgive nor forget, NHL President John Ziegler was probably sincere when he said, "We think it's a good deal for everyone is fair." Fairly inevitable. "Many things will be discussed over the bargaining table," he said. "We have to let the lawyers run their

money, and before its over we'll probably have more than 3,000 pages of legal documents."



Ziegler: The lawyers will work their money

into the NHL, vote on the 20-year expansion proposal (which touches on everything from players' rights through divisional realignment to a clause dealing with Gordie Howe) the WHA expansion committee met days with WHA representatives last Thursday and Friday to hammer out the details. While Winnipeg Jets' General Manager John Ferguson's first reaction was, "We're sorry about, rules," the two sides came up with a slightly altered proposal which will probably be accepted this week by the NHL board of governors. "The proposal was unacceptable as presented to us," said WHA President Howard Baldwin, "but with a few small modifications it will become acceptable."

At the outset of the closed-door negotiations in the Amelia Earhart room at Chicago's O'Hare Hilton, it appeared that clauses dealing with players' rights would be the hardest pill for the WHA to swallow. Basically, the proposal allows for WHA teams to protect all players whose rights aren't held by NHL teams, as well as two goaltenders and two skaters who are NHL property. The remaining players will revert to the NHL teams, who will submit "protected" lists of 15 players and two goalies. Players left unprotected would then be tossed into a WHA draft until each WHA team has protected 15 skaters and two goaltenders, with the stipulation that no NHL team loses more than four players. Further, the WHA teams expect \$150,000 compensation for every unprotected player they lose in the draft, the cost being subtracted from the WHA teams' 30-year license entrance fee.

Since the NHL was unwilling on the subject of players' rights, the WHA representatives requested several changes on the schedule of payments to the NHL. As it stands each WHA team will pay a \$5-million entrance fee, \$1 million of which must be forthcoming on acceptance of an merger agreement, the remaining \$4 million due June 1. That doesn't include indemnification to the two excluded WHA teams, which will cost the four competing squads another \$625 million. Added to that, the four WHA squads will have to show \$1.5 million up front for the 1979-80 season and guarantee they'll be able to get their gloves on another \$1.5 million over the next two seasons.

Before the first puck is dropped, it's costly business. Nonetheless, as one WHA official admitted shortly after the marathon session, "It'll be worth it. It's expensive, but if we try to operate without the NHL we're in trouble. It would mean we'd have to go back to war in the draft and start fighting for under-age juniors. In the long run, it could cost us more than expansion."

June O'Hara

THE NATIONAL
BOOK
FESTIVAL



BOOKS!

This is your invitation to attend the National Book Festival, April 2-8, Canada's first national celebration of the books and the people that contribute to this country's rich literature. Writers, publishers, librarians, booksellers—and readers too—have reason to celebrate, because books by Canadians are being published and read and enjoyed as never before. This eight-page supplement is your guide to Festival celebrations across the country. It is also an introduction to some of the people who write and publish and read Canadian books. Read on and join the festivities.

Bookmakers

Even if you're a book lover, you're probably never given more than a passing thought to the process that makes the ideas from a writer's imagination available to you. Book publishing in Canada is a growing industry and is a far more complicated operation than you'd ever imagine. Phil Sargay let out to talk to a range of book people across Canada, from key links in the publishing chain that joins writer and reader. As individuals they are representative of the imagination, skill and enthusiasm that brings millions of hours of enjoyment and fulfillment to Canadian readers.

Trade books are the books industry readers buy in bookstores. Many books are commissioned by publishers from specialist writers or authors of established reputations. Trade books also can result from the suggestions of editors, friends and party invitations on the way. The first step is usually a meeting between the writer and the publisher, followed by a contract. Then the writer begins to create a manuscript in one session with an editor, who manages, edits and criticizes—a stage that could take years or just months.



Robert Harlow Writer

Robert Harlow was raised in Prince George, B.C., and left home in 1942, and in 19, to become an RCAF transport pilot. In 1947, at the University of B.C., he was admitted to Earle Brown's writing workshop on the basis of stories he'd written while working at CIBC as a clerk. From 1948 to 1951, he was at the Iowa Winter Workshop and, while there, he sold a story to CIBC Radio, his first sale.

His first novel, *Rayl Maudslow*, came out in 1962. By then he was an executive at CIBC Radio Vancouver. It was the first of three London (Prince George) books, and was published by Macmillan. So was his second, *A Gift of Echoes*, which came out in 1965, the year he became head of the new Creative Writing Department at UBC. The third London novel, *Seen*, was published by Sono Nis in 1992. This past fall Harlow's comic fourth novel, *Midnight Arrangement*, was published by McClelland & Stewart. Another novel, *The Love Is Now at M&S*

When he's working on a novel, Harlow is at his desk by 6:30 a.m. "I put my head under the pillow at the very beginning of the day. If I don't get anything before I write, I'm distracted. I can't even take out the garbage."

The rest of the day is spent reading and pursuing various interests, such as mastery of the alto sax. And always there are piles of student manuscripts to read, a task that he never diminishes by his full-time at CIBC Radio writing. "God, there's a lot of good kids coming up," he says.

Clyde Rose Publisher

For years ago, Clyde Rose, 41, the founder and publisher of Brewster Books in St. John's, was a trained English graduate at Memorial University. Then he got into publishing. "I believed there was a lot of writing in Newfoundland that wasn't getting a fair chance in that country. Given the reaction to our books in Canada and the U.S., that has proven to be true."

In his short lifetime, Brewster has produced over 30 titles, some going into five and six printings. This year they are extending their program to include children's literature, art books and educational works.

When asked if bookwork could be seen as Canadian publishing on a national scale, Rose replies, "There's no doubt about it. Energy problem is there, particularly the lack of working capital and the lack of government policy in education publishing, the struggle of American publishers on that market."

Yet Rose also only relies every minute of his work. "It becomes so satisfying you don't mind the long hours and the long nights." And he says proudly that "Canadian readers book about each other sell do more for a national sale than any previous government program."

Jan Walter Editor

Jan Walter, 30, the managing editor of Macmillan of Canada's trade division, got into publishing by working in bookstores. She grew up in Toronto and Montreal, And, while attending Ottawa's Carleton University, worked for two summers in an Edmonton store owned by Mel Hartig, a distant relative. She also put a summer at Dalhousie in Vancouver.

In 1991, after graduation and a stint as an Ottawa Booksie's shop, "I wrote to Mel asking for another bookstore job. He wrote back that his editor was about

to leave, and would like a job as a sales and marketing person. It was a dream come true."

So until 1995 she was the editor-in-chief at Hartig. She was also the only editor and now she's involved in almost all phases of book production. "It's not a very busy time to be in Canadian publishing, a very political time," she says about that era when she houses such as Hartig, and James Lancaster were getting off the ground.

In 1973, she joined Macmillan, where she oversees the production of all trade titles "Plus, I have my own books on which I act as editor. I handle that a week. I have the privilege, which I don't have at Hartig, of bringing new books into the house—and that's the magic of publishing."

As the manuscript approaches completion, the production manager begins moving on the design and layout. The designer and layout artist work together to create a book that is both visually appealing and easy to read.

Peter Stages Production Manager

After a house has decided to publish a book, the production manager takes over. He has to set the book into his firm's production schedule and determine the specifications the printers will need before they can set the job. The number of colours on the jacket, the type of binding required, the number of pages, what illustrations might be used, and the general print run and other factors must be considered. It's largely a matter of balancing costs against the publisher's marketing plan.

For Peter Stages, the production manager at McClelland & Stewart in Toronto, believes that one of his greatest assets to the company and the performance of his job is his extensive background in the printing trade. Born in England, he worked there as a typesetter and a teacher of printing. He came to Canada in 1969 and worked in printing plants as a production planner, then as a production manager. He also did printing machinery for six years.

He joined M&S in 1988. "It's really just the other side of the fence, the same job from another point of view." He describes his work as "technic. The publisher has a lot of books in the pipeline. A production manager's job here is full steam ahead full time."

Roll Harder Book Designer

Delicious is a popular new fiction title at publishing houses, a Canadian graphics artist cannot make it wrong by

working especially well as a book designer. So says Roll Harder, 40, a former graphic artist who has won many prizes and sales awards for his book work. He is particularly well known for the nine green-covered design he has done for "Tender" books, which are now being sold in Montreal. Among others, there are *Many of Miles* and *Beyond the Sun/An On the Sun*.

A graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in Hamburg, Germany, Harder came to Canada in 1955. He returned to Germany in 1980, and now lives in Canada for good in 1989. He has worked with different partners, but now he has his own company.

Properly equipped, a designer should be responsible for the look of the whole book, everything from the cover to the pages and typelike. However, Harder says, "That doesn't always happen. A book should be a unit. The inside pages and the cover should complement each other. But if a generally good book matter. Sometimes the publisher commissions a cover and hands the rest of the job to the typesetter, which often doesn't make for a very well-designed book."

Yet, like says things have improved over the past few years. "Publishers are now more aware of the benefit of good design."

Gary Upsilon Printer

Gary Upsilon, 46, is the vice-president and general manager of Harlow Books, one of Canada's major book manufacturers. He was raised in Toronto. His father was a vice-president of Bell Canada and later president of St. Martin's Press in New York.

Upsilon joined Harlow Books after getting a general arts degree at the University of Toronto. "I was a young man looking for a job and wanting to learn something of book manufacturing," he says. The company sent him to England to work at two unrelated print shops. For three years he learned typesetting and the mechanics of printing, attended trade schools and performed various administrative duties. He moved.

Harlow Books as an assistant production manager in 1958 and today supervises a staff of about 150 plant personnel and 30 sales representatives.

He is also actively concerned about the future direction of the book industry as a whole. "It's not a black market, and around 1960 we were being told to stop before. It's the most interesting problem in my career so far—marketing and freight, but I tend to be an optimist. The question is, can we ever have a book that is both a high-quality and a high-price item? Can we effectively work within the book community in Canada in order to convert the publishing, printing and labour resources to the general book market? Actually, the question is not, can we? It's how can we?"

With the help of a production publisher and sales representatives, Upsilon promotes and sells new books. He is particularly well known for the nine green-covered design he has done for "Tender" books, which are now being sold in Montreal. Among others, there are *Many of Miles* and *Beyond the Sun/An On the Sun*.

Heather Pringle Publisher

"I'm never at a loss for things to do," says Heather Pringle, 26, the publisher at Harlow Publishers in Edmonton. She grew up in that city and has a B.A. in English from the University of Alberta and an M.A. from the University of B.C. She has worked in a number of other publishing houses in Alberta and was the fiction editor of *Brookings* Co., a freelance magazine.

For months ago, she was looking for a job and wrote to Harlow. "Being the only large publishing company in Edmonton, it seemed like an obvious place to look. I had, someone was looking and she had the job after an interview with Mel Hartig."

Pring is a difficult task. A assistant editor and, in such, she reads incoming manuscripts. But most of her day is devoted to promotion. She writes ads, distributes newspapers to reviewers, the task that takes up a lot of time in the fall and arranges authors' tours. The latter part of her job requires coordinating the tours with Harlow representatives in the rest of Canada and securing visiting authors to promote the new books on radio and TV in Edmonton. As we talked to her, she was setting up a tour for Peter Gacowit to promote his new book, *Strong* Tim.

Heather Pringle likes her job. "It's really challenging. When I come to I know nothing about book publishing, but Mel has taught me a lot about it. I guess I thought I looked up and down."

Mark Starnes Sales Representative

Mark Starnes, 41, came to Toronto after being raised and educated in New Brunswick. He worked briefly in several branches of the advertising world. Then, in 1963, "I went to work for M. Dent, producing their advertising material, and around 1967 I got into book publishing through their made publishing." He ended up as Dent's sales representative.

Around 1970, he joined the new New Brunswick Publishing Co. (NBPC). "I was about the fourth person hired. I was a sales rep and quickly became their made sales representative. His history was all of Ontario's publishing."

Then, in the summer of 1972, he went out to B.C. to join Scott McPherson and Jim Douglas, who headed a sales agency

which handled, among others, Van Nostrand's sales. Douglas was getting out of the business and was looking for a sales agency to take over. Starnes bought control of the agency from him. The partnership continued until a couple of years ago, when McIntyre joined Douglas as a publisher and the sales agency became Starnes and McIntyre.

The agency represents about a dozen publishers in B.C. and Alberta from Beggs like McCrelland & Stewart (B.C. only) to the relatively new Ontario firms of Deanna & Co. and Gower. They have a variety of titles, and the agency since the original partnership, have had an increasing effect on book sales in the West.

One of their major innovations is an elaboration of one of Jim Douglas's ideas. They introduce each new batch of Canadian titles to bookstores from all over B.C. in a metropolitan area in a way that is not done in the rest of the country. That was, Starnes says, "The independent bookstores are not left waiting for two months while the big buyers are taken care of."

Bill Roberts Bookseller

Bill Roberts, the president of Sharkey Bookstore in Ottawa, was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1931. He came to Canada in 1952 and took a variety of jobs. He had always been interested in books, but didn't get into the business until 1962.

He was introduced through Ottawa and went into Sharkey's bookstore. "I was looking for a book job and I was out of work and she was staying how hard it is to get into the business. I was a volunteer. I've always felt selling is one of the most satisfying business activities, and selling books brings that satisfaction in a very real way."

In the late Sixties, he was one of the first in the business to buy books on credit. He had a small store in the heart of the city, and a few years later opened another store in the heart of the city. He is now in the heart of the city, and a few years later opened another store in the heart of the city.

Roberts says his day is spent "flying a hawk," dealing with administrative problems, selling, sales representatives and trying to make a living. He is heavily into the cultural context of his business and its attendant problems.

One of the problems is that, in Canada, books are generally not seen as an essential part of people's lives. The whole business is predicated on a small market and that's why it's hard. There are some exceptions, of course, and the sales are all the greater for the difficulties. If you can sell books in Canada, you can sell books anywhere."

Phil Stargis represents frequently on the Canadian publishing scene for books in Canada.

Chicoutimi, Quebec City, Trois Rivières, Montréal, Kingston, Port Hope, and Toronto. Local newspapers, radio and television will publicize dates and arrival times.

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value of more than \$1 million in Canada.

A few days earlier Jerome had flown to Panama with his three males, Gipsy, Blue, 31, and Josephine Charles, 25, both of New York, and Randolph Baguette, 33, of Miami. Jerome stayed with Nadreau a few days in Bogota, but he became nervous about leaving the three cousins alone in Panama. He flew there, and after arranging for visas, took the women to Jamaica where they checked into room 8042 of the Sheraton Hotel in Kingston to await Nadreau's arrival. A couple of days later Nadreau checked into room 1317. It was in this room that the two men packed their males, taping the cocaine in plastic pouches to their backs and bellies, starting it in their bras and shoes, and one of the women, Marie, stuffed her panties full of pot.

They wore loose clothing to hide the bulges of their packages on the flight from Kingston to Toronto. Their strictest first-classman was Les Angeles, but they had decided it would be safer to go through Toronto because U.S. customs spend more time looking south than north for drugs. But something went wrong. Maybe one of the males had a bad month. Perhaps Nadreau and Jerome had made a slip. It doesn't matter now. The RCMP's man in Jamaica was on to the move. He passed on the news to Montreal and customs officers at Toronto International Airport that Nadreau, Jerome and the males, each of whom had been granted \$25,000 for the job, would try to make their way through customs, without an inspection, as Nadreau's diplomatic passport. It might have worked without the tip

Customs seldom check a diplomat's passport or challenge those traveling with a diplomat.

Nadreau tried to bluff, but it was too late. Customs made a body search of the males. Jerome told a Marine, "You're going to learn a lot about the cocaine trade tonight." Later, one of the males testified against the others. Nadreau and Jerome, both of whom had earned nothing, were locked into the vans through air-ticket numbers, visa numbers and hotel bills. Nadreau and Jerome received 15 years each. Two of the males, Dan and Charles, were sentenced to eight years, the third, Baptiste, to nine years.

The Guajira Peninsula is an unattractive, bone-dry, sandy flat piece of land jutting out from the eastern coast of Colombia into the Caribbean. It's thinly populated by suspicious, aggressive people, and the Colombian army doesn't venture among them or on the peninsula except on heroic forays. This is where the dirt airstrips cross the land. There are more than 150 of them, more than all the legal airports in Colombia, and from them fly the night planes their holds full of bales of Santa Marta Gold. The outsiders say it is better than Mexican marijuana. U.S. authorities say it is three to 10 times more potent than the Mexican, which has all but disappeared in the past two years since the spraying of the fields of pot with paraquat, a poisonous herbicide that destroys the leaves. It is in the Colombian, with their 250,000 growing season, who have the edge on profits, although they are now in concern to the trade. Long S. 100



demand became so great for these marijuana, the Colombian were producing about 70 per cent (and still are) of all cocaine destined for the coffee tables of the champagne-and-caviar set in the United States and Canada. Last year it amounted to 66,000 pounds, worth \$20 billion.

But marijuana has displaced cocaine as the big draw for Colombian smugglers. It is estimated that Americans smoke about 130,000 pounds a day, quadruple the 1974 consumption, and spent about \$25 billion on last year's hauls. Meanwhile, Colombian authorities say 200,000 acres of marijuana crops have been planted since the Mexican, with the help of U.S. subsidies, poisoned their crops. It means that Colombia can produce 60,000 tons this year, which would be worth more than \$1 billion at a wholesale price of \$20 to \$30 a pound, but the street price of such a quantity in Canada at \$700 a pound could sell for \$840 billion.

Smuggling marijuana has become a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Some smugglers have a reward for life after three or four trips to Colombia. A pilot makes \$50,000 plus for a pound trip of 22 to 18 hours. Some smuggling runs take in \$2 to \$5 million a week. Most of the airstrips of the Guajira Peninsula have been bulldozed into the desert. The strip is big enough to take jets and the roofs of houses on each side of the strip are covered with luminous paint to guide the planes. The authorities, given the information, have little or no chance of catching the night birds of Guajira. They come and go in a matter of minutes. But the smugglers find their own grief. Some 30 illegal planes have

crashed on land and others have crashed into the sea, their crews devoured by sharks.

Some five agents like Robert Eby, a lanky, grinning inmate of a U.S. federal prison. He was arrested when his DC-4 loaded with Colombian Gold got stuck in the mud at an airport in Virginia. Before that, he had made 30 smuggling flights, penetrating the American Air Defense System each time.

"Coming back to the United States, you listen on the radio for flight plans to be filed, and coming out of the Bahamas and out of a lot of Latin American countries there are no telephones or facilities to file a flight plan other than by when you get in the air. Then you file it over the radio. You listen for somebody to file a flight plan and being you are in a faster aircraft, say a DC-4, over a Cessna 172, you try to catch up to where he is and before he penetration you are on his tail about 30 feet behind him." This way radar is confused.

The rugged coastline around the peninsula provides deep-water berths for smuggling "mother ships." They load up by tons at a time and are kept by local fishermen who fish by day and at night and their square-rigged dhows, come on up to the gunwales with bales of marijuana in the swaying ships. It's worth about 100 pesos (\$3) a trip. The U.S. Coast Guard saved more than six million pounds of marijuana from "mother ships" last year, but despite the larger seizures only about 10 per cent of the marijuana entering the United States is being intercepted as the high seas.

There are slight indications it will become tougher for smugglers. Colombia's



new president, Julio César Turians, has named a "technical" cabinet and the army, air force and navy have been provided with new sophisticated electronic search equipment. But there's a hitch to that on the peninsula. Successful law enforcement isn't good for business. The Miraflores devastation of Gangra in shattered fact. If smugglers are put out of business more than 40,000 jobs will be out of the local economy. Santa Marta Gold and smuggling would be destroyed.



Turians arrived in Colombia and loaded up the coast with 420 tons of high-end marijuana. The street value for the 420 tons of pot in Canada would have been more than \$15 million.

Pot legislation: promises to keep

In Ottawa last Thursday, Solicitor General Jean Jacques Blais indicated the Canadian justice committee that the government is long promised change in the marijuana law was still in the works—a two long months after Justice Minister Marc Lalonde's announcement was proceeding, an original bet. However, the hitch has been it isn't to be found in the House. For both Joe Clark and Joe Windmont have looked into the mind eyes of their nation and agreed that something must be done. Not a problem with the Social Credit party. The House is ready to suggest that. For they too are now in agreement. More likely it is simply a case of the Liberals, over the choice between playing out the remaining term of the Parliament by debating the referendum bill or introducing new, highly visible drug legislation, will likely act for the latter route.

One of the most debated by the justice committee in Ottawa is a J. (Andy) Rapoport, the executive director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. (The group, a New York-based, legal, non-profit, has been active in the U.S. for decades in doing medical research of marijuana smokers.) The basic basis of the legislation change would be mainly to shift hashish and marijuana—from so-called "soft drugs"—into the Narcotics Control Act. They're very similar, with hashish now to the Food and Drugs Act. Marijuana possession law would then become a mere offence, subject to a maximum fine of \$500. And it would mean an end to criminal records for pot smokers, which by Lalonde's own count, have 250,000 Canadians. And, a \$500 maximum fine would be now at least to be below the government has been coming from all along. So far of the change was noted, of one point that an indication—Jardine's bill was introduced in the House. But a House majority support should be at least 100 to 100 to pass anything to eliminate the veto. This honestly left with 46 per cent of

the Gallup poll calling for decriminalization and the Canadian Bar Association endorsing it—that the changes were but a hurried response. Any bill that did not happen and they will not before the election.

As far back as 1969—a year in which 14,000 Canadians were convicted for possession—the Liberal party was already saying it was time for a more "sensible" approach. They even went so far as to support the Le Can inquiry into the non medical use of drugs and in 1970—6,720 convictions that year—the committee declined. The harm caused by a conviction for simple possession appears to be out of all proportion to any good that it is likely to achieve. Two years later—coincidentally just after a federal election—there was again talk of softening the laws, but for years it and nothing has been done and there were 12,450 further convictions to add to the total.

In 1975 (27,602 convictions) there finally was federal legislation produced, but the government for some reason chose to introduce the bill in the Senate. There it passed with unanimous speed and eventually came on the Commons order paper May 24, 1977. Free Member Trudeau told a group of university students that "if you have a gun and you're smoking it for your own pleasure, the government has no right to say you shouldn't be punished. By your side there were some 37,613 further convictions.

Now, as Andy Rapoport claims there are five million drug smokers in Canada and they're up to 15 to 20 per cent of the electorate. He says they're all underemployed voters. Most of them don't care and don't vote.

And work also members of Parliament in Ottawa passed a letter to a dozen high-ranking Canadian doctors urging caution in this contentious matter and the bill now is in the Commons. It is precisely what the government will increase despite J. (Blais) a statement that he has a draft of the legislation ready. Rapoport says: "If they don't do something now, then that will be the worst kind of political folly on their part. But the truth is that doing nothing is often the best public policy move."

By Marilyn

Once they had passed up their cargo, they set sail for Vancouver Island, a long voyage. Somewhere, probably in Colombia, the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) had been tipped off by an informer agent. On their northern voyage they stopped in port on the coast of Costa Rica. There, DEA agents slipped aboard one of the vessels, the 120-foot Torneo, and planted a transmitting device which sent a signal to a spy satellite. The satellite, in turn, beamed a signal to Alaska and from there it was transmitted to a computer in Washington, D.C. The recorded signal gave the Torneo's latitude and longitude every time the satellite passed over it. Once the boat entered U.S. waters they were tracked by radar and visually by the coast guard and the Canadian in Armed Forces planes took over in Canadian waters.

On a foggy July night last summer, six months after the operation started, the Torneo, and the 70-foot Weatherly entered Shelter Inlet, a perfect smugger's cove surrounded by mountains, northwest of Tofino. The other boat, the 38-foot Sundisk, was lost in the fog and found several days later unharmed, empty of drugs and crew. At dawn some 50 RCMP officers in two police boats, backed up by two destroyers, HMS Kootenay and Terra Nova, boarded the Torneo and Weatherly and arrested 15 men, 13 of them Canadians, and seized the marijuana. It was Canada's biggest pot seizure.

There's a Prohibition flavor about the drug trade. It has an aura of adventure and mystery. The smugglers make fast runs, buy profits and take small risks. The users, the pushers, are provided with high times and mellow evenings. Few are exposed to anything more dangerous than their friendly corner trader. Yet there is another side. The drug trade is quickly becoming organized on an international level, although the small, independent operator is still very much in evidence. The big operators, however, establish forwarding companies in source countries (Canada has become a source country for the manufacture of chemical drugs—AMT speed, 1974, have franchises in various parts of the world, incorporating companies in Canada with the capability of laundering money through Swiss banks and re-minting in London, real estate holdings, etc.).

There is the violent side, too. Money is commonplace in the drug trade in the United States, for example, the smuggling houses routinely put out contracts on witnesses who might turn informers. One Florida gang (where the drug trade is the state's biggest in-



U.S. customs cops on drug patrol will check most of the smugglers get through.

dustry, bigger than tourism or oranges sold \$800,000 for 30 tons in 1972, the state's entire lot of natural resources in one year. A money agent was killed by a hit man in Tampa in Canada, RCMP undercover men have been threatened and live in danger. There have been mob deaths in Montreal. Members of motorcycle gangs, who control the chemical trade, routinely murder one another. They are truly super-freaks. It's no different in Colombia where they have their own "mafia" or gangster families. The Cardenas and Valdeblancas are two such families thriving on the marijuana and cocaine trade. They have been trading for 30 years and in dozens of "soldiers" in both families

It has been estimated that there are three million pot smokers in Canada and it costs various police forces about \$1.6 million a week to enforce marijuana laws. It's a growth industry. In 1962, for example, there were 28 drug convictions in Ontario, 32 of them for heroin, the others, assorted drugs, but in Toronto alone last year 4,800 persons were charged with possession of marijuana or hashish. In 1977, the latest year for which national figures are available, 46,897 Canadians were charged with possession of the drug. Twenty years ago, with the exception of a few speed-out junkies, marijuana was hardly known in Canada, but today it is as familiar in the classroom as at the Saturday-night pot party. A recent survey in Ontario found that 38 per cent of high-school students and nine per cent of elementary pupils smoke it.

The recurring issue of decriminalizing marijuana, or removing the drug from the Narcotics Control Act, which provides a maximum seven-year prison term, will continue to simmer until a new government is elected (the last major 80 there is opposition). A 20,000-member Toronto-based group, Alcohol and Drug Concerns Inc., asked for a delay in the proposed legislation until decriminalization laws in 11 states south of the border have been studied. The fear is that the new law will lead to more marijuana smoking. Yet a recent Gallup poll commissioned by Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation shows that decriminalization of marijuana is favored by 46 per cent of Canadians. The same 46 per cent thought marijuana should be sold in government-regulated stores or that possession of small amounts of the drug should not be a crime.

The man is slight, thin, in his early 20s, Joe Davis a full term for drug trafficking. The Mountain caught him with two pounds of hashish "I could get more," he says, "but I expect to serve four to six months." He agreed to talk about his life in the drug trade as long as he wasn't identified. He started as a user when he was a 15-year-old high-school student in Northern Ontario. Since, it has become a make-a-way-of life. He started with 150, went to hash, has used heroin, which he describes as "the worst," just as much as anything else. He had one bad trip on 777. He'd hit Angel Dust in the States and Riva-harry, Tin Canada. It's a horse tranquillizer. "It gives you a feeling of dying, of death," he explained.

At 16, he had to become a dealer, single to support his love of hallucinogens and

hask. His turnover was \$200 a month. Then he was busted for carrying 20 worth of pot. The judge, who he says knew him, put him in jail for three weeks for a pre-sentence report. He was given three months probation and fined \$100. He said drugs to pay the fine. Since the whole town knew about it, he left Northern Ontario, still in jail, and went to Toronto, where the drugs were easy to find and he wasn't known.

"I quit dealing for a while, but I kept smoking." Then he made contacts through friends, acquaintances, the network of the drug culture, and began dealing again. "I became extremely paranoid. If somebody I didn't know approached me for drugs I wouldn't talk to him. I would never sit with my back to the door."

At 36, he met "an excellent connection." They went into business, renting adjacent apart-



ments. "On some days we had as many as 75 customers. Some days I remember counting out \$20,000 a day. It came from Mexico in the bottom of cars, by private and commercial planes. We were making \$50,000 a month at the peak, but we became careless. It was stupid because we could have been rich if we had been a little more diligent."

One day, just before the RCMP arrived, he left the apartment with two pounds of hash oil, some pot and a small amount of heroin. His partner was caught and sent to jail. Yet he continued, selling small amounts, making about \$2,500 a week, until the RCMP caught him, the same way they caught his partner, through an informant.

British Columbia has 7,000 heroin addicts, which is 60 per cent of the total in Canada. It has been conservatively estimated that the average addict uses three cups a day at \$20 a cup of three-grain pure heroin—well over \$540 million a year in the B.C. smack trade. Most heroin comes directly from the Far East, although more of it is coming through the New York-Toronto route. It keeps the Mounties almost fully occupied in B.C. Had one more officer, jokingly, perhaps, "Look, if some other jurisdiction calls us up and asks for some help on a cocaine bust, we tell them we

don't have the bodies to look at anything less than 500 pounds." A big problem, one that is almost unsolvable, in the mail trade in heroin. A single envelope averages between two and four grams of 85- to 95-per-cent pure heroin, which when diluted and sold at street-level parity, nets the pusher \$10,000 to \$20,000.

Wo King Tsai, 35, arrived in Toronto last November in search of two female mules to pose as tourists on three continents. All they had to do for the trip, plus \$5,000 each at the end, was carry six kilograms of heroin worth more than \$50 million.

Wo King's mistake was that the two female mules he recruited were RCMP undercover agents—again, a tip. It was one of the few times a police force has infiltrated a drug ring to provide cover. And this ring was special: It was part of the Chinese Connection, the group that controls the heroin trade in the Golden Triangle on the Thai-Malaya border. The Chinese Connection has taken over the heroin trade since the French Connection was unconnected and the Turkish government cracked down on heroin production.

The two undercover agents first went to Hong Kong. Six other RCMP agents preceded the women and two other agents went on the same flight, posing as tourists. They sat in Hong Kong for several days before moving on to Penang (where the eight-man team and the two Mountie mules captured three men, the Kwong Sang Penang). They stayed in Penang, all the time in contact with the Chinese heroin smugglers, for several days. At one point, unexpectedly, the smugglers told the two women to change hotels. They feared they might lose their undercover status, but at the new hotel, where two of the smugglers were showing them how to make a suitcase switch, they suddenly heard whistling from the corridor. The time was Canadian Street.

The next stop—it was January by now—was Zurich. This time they were carrying the heroin. At all times they were covered, either by their own team of undercover agents or by foreign agents who are re-appearing with the scare. Then two days later they went to Paris, where several days passed before the smugglers made final arrangements for delivery of the heroin in Rotterdam and Brussels. When one of the women arrived in Rotterdam, Dutch police arrived and arrested three men. Three others were arrested at the train station in Paris just before the Mountie mules. It was one of the most important and advantageous busts the Mounties had made.

But it didn't make a wrinkle in the drug trade.

'Weekend Away' with us.

North/Southland

Charm City
Corner Brook
St. John's

New Brunswick

St. John's

New Scotia

Halifax
-Cape
-Dartmouth

Quebec

Amqui
-Gaspé (PQ)
Montreal
-Châteaubouch
-Gatineau
-Le Val-de-la-Beauce
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Holiday Inn announces:

Weekend away 25% off.

A weekend away is a marvelous idea, Cedric, but I still don't see why we couldn't bring mother.



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Weekend special available from Sept. 15-18-June 17-19. Pridges, Suburbs and Standards. Excludes special events, groups and conventions—and also properties from Dec. 15-19-April 17.

In her five years as the divorcee daughter of TV's virgin **Mauds**, actress **Adrienne Barbeau** tried hard to advance her own as libertine—but neither seldom appears. Recently, however, the 39-year-old Barbeau cut the apertures, donned a deep purple Frederick's of Hollywood corset and, with a look more New Orleans French Quarter than upper suburban, has taken her place on the walls of the nation alongside pin-up posters of **Cheryl Chase** and **Frank Fencel-Majors**. Partially responsible for Phase I of the new image launch is Barbeau's husband-writer-director-composer **John Carpenter** (ABC TV's *Elm*) who plans to make his recently widowed wife to new heights as a singing, recording and movie star. "My husband encouraged me to pose for the poster," said Barbeau, "because he's a real admirer of Howard Hawks." Who is Hawks? The man who directed **Jane Russell's** ample bosom in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

With brother **Jimmy** just back from the Middle East, brother **Billy** drying up in an American drink tank and sister **Gwen** playing her disorderly harp, evangelist **Walt Carter Stapleton** could have been counselling the family back home last week. But instead, she was in Vancouver where she spoke to 3,000 people at a promotional rally for Christian broadcasters introduced by Alderman **Kenneth Girard**, who made waves last summer with a pointed search through Vancouver's nude **Wreck Beach**. Stapleton delivered a sermon on the healing power of love and dismissed her most celebrated case of "inner healing," the anti-septical publisher of *Harper's* magazine, **Larry Flynt**. "I never told him to shut down his magazine," said Stapleton. "His interest in it will subside as his Christianity develops." As for brother Billy's berrigan faith in abortion: "We've been praying for this day ever since he became a professional drinker." Following which, the Lord was praised and the hat was passed.

Long before **John Travolta** had shown to the **Cab Callows**, the erstwhile Knight of El Fin El Fin, was singing and dancing up a storm in places like Harlem's Cotton Club and in *El Fin El Fin Showy Weather*. In Toronto last week he taped a session with videographer **Peter Appleyard** for his TV jam series, *The 25-year-old crowner demonstrated that he isn't just that young*. Regrettably, it is no no-cream taco. Callaway swung through old familiar September *Song* and *Old Man* and announced a new era for his thrice song, *Minx the Mosker*. "She's a good old gal, been



Barbeau: a sex symbol from suburbia

through a lot, swing, belop, rock and roll—now she's dressed up in daisies," he said. In fact, Callaway's disco version sounds as awful lot like the original 1980 recording, but that hasn't alien-

ated younger fans who lauded the single into the Top 100 on the U.S. charts recently. True love and dance are advised to check out the flip side, *Charles Are! Notch but a Bird*. "It's easy," says Callaway with a keyboard grin.

Although her style is more than a bel canto and her looks more **Bonnie Sommers** than **Leslie Fikes**, Canada's **Cherise Barry** (*Boogie Woogie* *Guinea*) shows a spirited desire to sing on an operatic stage since the Barry, a *Jeany Award* winner last week as most promising female vocalist, flew the Canadian flag in 1980 for a European career as a pop star and, after touring round the continent with her light show, taped music and four more discs, finally settled in Munich where she breathes making noise at the *Flakshubke* for *Black*. While she's naturally pleased with her June, and happy to be featured on programs such as *Hot Pan* (to be aired on the *Star* March 10) and *90.1 Barry*, wants to leave more than a heavy dance beat on her lapels. "When my kids ask me what I did for a living," said Barry, "I want to tell them I was remembered for more than *Boogie Woogie* *Guinea*'s *Shes*."

It's a passion play gone punk, where the contained cult of patrons pick up cues faster than the players and the audience is actually encouraged to throw things at the stage. So, not surprising, when the cast of *The Rocky Horror Show* was pelted with toast, playing cards and rose at last week's Toronto opening, they didn't bat an eyelid—everything was unfolding as it should. "It gets a little more sometimes," said **Jessie Thomason**, a 33-year-old Toronto actress who plays the part of Janet. "The whole thing is just a big party as long as the wedding doesn't get out of hand." Although the original stage production has been playing to packed houses in London since 1970, the *Rock*, cult, whose motto is "Don't Dream It, Be It," has been burning the flames of its London on around the 27th movie version *Rocky Horror Picture Show* which is playing in more than 200 theatres in North America. "Sometimes the audience forgets that if they throw toast on the stage, it's not the same as throwing it at a screen," said Thomason. "Overall, it means we have to stay the show and clean up."

Like the 268 pounds that compose his sample girls, most things about the Cadillac rock star **Meat Loaf** are over-sized. A perfect example was the *Are You Nighty-Night* party, thrown in Toronto last week to celebrate the record-setting 1.2 million Canadian sales of his first album, *Meat Out of My Mind*. "There's more than a week there goes down," said Meat Loaf (aka **Murphy Law**). And before riding a horse into a test-bedded hotel ballroom filled with top-wearing guests, heavy girls, a flares and a lion. Accompanied by his

Meat Loaf: a lion on Avenue night



Barry temporarily needs less than bel canto

wife of three weeks, **Leslie Loaf**, and his lead female singer, **Wendy on the**, Meat Loaf elevated that there were big plans ahead for the big fall, including a new

album and a foray into rock 'n' roll film-making. Based on the *Peter Pan* story, the movie will be called *New Land* and you guessed it—Meat Loaf has already cast himself as Tinker Bell.

Although a book filled with sovereign-association trust and social-democratic philosophy wouldn't ordinarily be considered popular reading outside Quebec, *Pierre et Paul* by **Lucie Laflamme** promises at a downtown Toronto bookstore last week may prove otherwise. Dressed in a grey, two-piece suit and huddled over recently published, English-language copies of his book *My Teacher* (Markham, \$9.95), **Levesque** disappeared in the crush of autograph seekers and media types who threatened to turn a simple book signing session into a literary riot. Luckily, for those who wanted a glimpse of him, where there was smoke there was fire. Ignoring Toronto's anti-smoking bylaws, which prohibit smoking in many public places, **Levesque** channelled his way through the one-hour waiting stills, ignoring both a nervous case of writer's cramp and the fact he could be slapped with a \$1,000 fine for puffing. Stud a politician on the scene? "I can't really arrest him, can I?"

Edited by Jane O'Hara



Roundup at the OK Corral

The dance of the possibilities began last Friday morning, when Hudson's Bay Co. Governor George Richardson and President Don McGoeran danced matchline wars and jokes to announce the fate of the 309-year-old queen mother of department stores. But the solemn procession of actualities had taken place the afternoon before, when a clutch of Bay directors—Joseph Segal, former from Vancouver and Executive Vice-President Peter Ward, in a wheelchair from a bad fall days before, among them—gathered together to appoint Lord Kenneth Thomson's \$60-million bump for the Bay. They decided the company would opt with a bang, but a whinger: "A big investor who is prepared to recognize the prospects of the company... over the next few years should not accept the offer," read the seven-page circular designed to be understood by the most unacquainted of the company's 25,000 shareholders.

Calling Thomson's \$30-a-share offer "a bargain purchase," McGoeran and Richardson dog-and-penned into public view, for the first time, the company's five-year performance projections. As tabled them, the company's anticipated future earnings of \$11 make holding on to Bay shares more profitable over the long term than selling out tomorrow at the mid-market price of \$30. Sales, which increased 120 per cent between 1974 to 1978, are expected to improve 10 per cent between now and 1980, earnings will climb by 127 per cent over this year's alone on an imprecise 50 per cent.

The uncertainty of any five-year projection nonetheless had analysts betting at least half the stock would be sold by the April 6 Thomson offer deadline loomed. "In the long run we're all dead and no one's sure what will really happen," says Don de Broeze, an analyst at the brokerage firm of B.A. Dill & Co. Ltd. "A trust company managing money for widows and orphans could be



The Bay's McGoeran (left) and Segal and (bottom) Ward, director of possibilities.



the \$25.77 shares he acquired in return for 10 per cent of Zellers, a move that could net him as much as \$11 million. Analysts speculate Segal is, on his way out now, that hopes of a larger role in the Bay may have been shattered by the Thomson offer, but although he resigned as Segal's chairman, he intends to stand for re-election to both its board and the Bay's. He will defend his shares, he says, because a successful Thomson deal means "I move from being a larger shareholder in a weakly held company to being a large shareholder in a company with a single large controlling interest. It will change the company's complexion."

And so another war was in store. Bay's of other take-over bids are rare, but three several directors, straight negotiations wanted to speak only later this week, suggesting a counteroffer was not so useful as most shareholders believe. The Bay has a long tradition of the first and silent change-up. As a common-law rule, says Don McGoeran, who was asked how he was becoming, "the slightest glint of the flame must be put out." "I feel OK about it,"

Jan Brown

The day Jack trod the boards

Close-knit family between government and business has, depending on your viewpoint, prompted Canadian progress or been history's loss. From the Pacific Scandal when Sir John A. Macdonald demanded enormous money to erect his 17th-century Sir Hugh Allan, down to C.D. Howe, the corporate minister in Louis St. Laurent's post-war cabinet, business and government were one, pals. The frayed relations of the 1960s and '70s are thawing and someone new is getting his feet wet in the public that has been created. It's the once private businessman as more public figure—not running for office

that was later to call to about \$300 barrels. Most contentious point of the squabble between Imperial and Energy Minister Alastair Gillespie is Gillespie's suggestion that Imperial buy directly from Venezuela to eliminate the hand of cutthroat in Exxon's pricing arrangement that occurred when Iran's production was halted. The recently elected Venezuelan government of President Luis Herrera Campesino has said it wants more direct country-to-country sales, but Armstrong told the committee he preferred dealing with Exxon because supply was more sure—although he also said Imperial might buy direct from Mexico. "The statement by the minister... that Exxon wasn't willing to allow Imperial to buy crude oil directly from Venezuela in commerce," he said, then added sarcastically, "So that when it comes to a Wholly?"



Imperial's Armstrong (right) and Executive Vice-President Jim Armstrong in front of, or did we need a water bar?

recently, but at least taking an over now for a week. Last week, later in the line of corporate performers, Imperial Oil President Jack Armstrong auditioned before the Commons Standing Committee on Natural Resources and Public Works. He cheered well. "I may know how to build a refinery," Armstrong said more than halfheartedly, through the two-hour session. "I may not know the political process as well as I should." Cracked a Liberal MP: "You underestimate yourself."

Armstrong had been invited to replace Imperial's action as recent oil supply cutbacks by its parent, Exxon Corp. Tooty at times, but tolerant through the tedious that comes when Armstrong's given are sought again, Armstrong took the meeting to a less controversial with a Liberal MP (thank you for Imperial's contribution to Canada's arts, culture and books).

At issue was Imperial's corporate behavior after Exxon announced a 25,000-barrel-a-day reduction (about three per cent of Canada's annual consumption)

The man who loves labor pains

Over words, and the tandem steps of Toronto's Albany Club, Ted Strangor laughs when he's called a union-buster, but struck him out in front of an interview in his Toronto office and the new-level labor hunter most does the subject. "The one can criticize the working man for wanting to better himself," he insists. "When it comes to fair and equitable treatment in his employment relationship, unions come into play." Nevertheless, Hamilton, Ontario-based Strangor in the highly-respected but unorthodox leader of a new strain of Canadian labor lawyers whose prime intention is to see that unions don't come into play at all. Having the gathering of labor negotiators, Strangor goes to his clients like John Deere Ltd. and International Harvester Co. Canada against their respective unions. "These guys have been around a long time, and in much less subtle form," says Terry Neigher, secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Federation of Labor. But it is not the union leaders whom he's making headlines as the Canadian Labor Congress' 2.6 million-member rank grows by only 8 per cent last year. Fierce battles have become common with, for example, S.S. Knave Co. and two other companies charged last week with conspiring to interfere with the formation of a trade union in Brampton, Ont.

Ted Strangor calls the law legal line meant to entrench employers' rights to farm unions. "The point where I depart from unions and politicians," he says,

labor lawyer Strangor riding the path-civilized of neoconservative



Roderick McQueen

"is that unions claim for themselves—and politicians accord to them—the status of sacred cows and take the position that employees can only receive fair and equitable treatment through a union." Translation: employees are better off without unions. Springer's methods speak volumes. A bitter union certification drive at a west Toronto distribution centre of Dylco Ltd ended last week when employees voted against the union 145 to 55. But the decision was reversed and the union granted immediate certification when the Ontario labor relations board found Springer had exerted "undue influences" against the union. Flannery the walls with signs reading "Keep the union out," he also displayed a case containing \$50 worth of groceries to show what \$50 spent for annual union dues could have bought elsewhere. He then sent a series of letters to employees making references to job security, strike possibilities and what the union could prove. "We used some pretty strong language," Springer remembers. "The signs were a little heavy, but I thought the groceries thing was kind of cute. Pretty graphic and pretty true." The union was later decertified after the employees refused to strike over Springer's offer to sign an offer to the new collective bargaining unit.

Marvin Levinson, the union's lawyer, has a different view of that fight and accused Springer of offering employees a ridiculously unacceptable contract, leaving a union representative present at all times during the negotiations and holding the threat of an appeal of the labor board ruling over the heads of employees. Levinson, a quiet giant of a man who has not to forget his hours on the line as an organizer for the International Woodworkers of America, both in recollection. "Those two guys [Springer and David Brulter, his partner] create situations where it is almost impossible for a union to regain the support of employees." Brulter has now begun as a union organizer, Levinson wants the Ontario labor board to assume the power to enforce a fair first contract for new union members. For Levinson, it may be the final weapon against what he now like Ted Springer person.

Jan Brown



Plaza at Great Lakes: anyone at table

coins dip in their spoons, the banquet can become more feisty than fast. Everyone is still at table over Nardur, Ltd., the temporary property of Air Canada, Ottawa's, Feb. 29, which serves a slice of central Canada from Quebec City to Winnipeg. Federal Transport Minister Otto Lang had hoped to use it as a lure to merge three other eastern airlines. Instead, a consortium of Quebec and Ontario airlines and credit unions is submitting to purchase Nardur and split its routes.

United in the sense that that's holding its nose this week to Ontario Transportation Minister James Snow (whose on a March 16 announcement called for a division of Nardur along provincial boundaries) are Quebecair, Great Lakes Airlines, La Fédération de Québec des Creviers Populaires Desjardins, Les Caisses d'Épargne-Réseau de Québec and the Canadian Co-operative Credit Society Ltd. According to Jim Plavick, president and owner of Great Lakes, Air Canada's act is in fact, because it sees the regional carrier as important to its scheduling concerns. In fact, says Plavick, Air Canada told him two weeks ago of its plan to form and control a holding company, consisting of Quebecair, Eastern Provincial Airways, Great Lakes and itself. The Plavick consortium began gathering two months ago with financial backing by George May, chief executive officer of the Canadian Co-operative Credit Society.

The consortium, to Quebec's Transport Minister Lucien Lévesque, is proof that "Ontario and Quebec can negotiate sovereignty-association" through the complicated hub-buck scheme presented by Otto Lang in early March 22

The credit unions in conjunction with Great Lakes and Quebecair would own half of Nardur, which would then have Quebecair and Great Lakes as subsidiaries. In two to three years, two regional carriers would emerge, with the southern Quebec routes going to Quebecair, and the possibility of Air Canada playing a role in each. While it would merge up Nardur, there would still be three eastern lines: the new Ontario carrier, Quebecair and Eastern Provincial Airways. Says a Lang aide: "The ideal we are aiming for is less than three."

But a telegram from Premier René Lévesque to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau on March 15 said "The Quebec minister of transport has discussed this matter with his colleague from Ontario and we are happy to report the two provinces agree on a solution." Points out an Ontario civil servant, "Ottawa can't afford to have a fight with both Quebec and Ontario when both the provinces agree to a particular plan." If Ottawa is still looking for a stopper, it could be provided by northern Quebec head leader Charlie Watt, mayor 1977 of protest against Quebec language policy. Watt wants a 75-per-cent Nardur ownership for the local's Makivik Corporation, a development trust rich with money, paid by Quebec to settle native land claims. Says Lang's aide: "There may be a place for local participation, though it is not to be spelled terms." A decision is unlikely before the federal election, however, as the political participants watch for the best time and place to come in for a landing.

Jan Brown: David Thomas



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The global village goes on a video picnic

"The revolution hasn't died, it has simply ceased to be frustration," says the literature of the Humanities Foundation, whose eight-day symposium next week promises to be a

peaceful bellwether of communism in the '80s. Confronting high-tech with the humanities, the symposium will take place simultaneously in Toronto, London and Los Angeles, using advanced

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computer technology to spread the message of the lecture "New Age" to a potential audience of 10 million.

The roster is impressive: Berkeley-Letter Palmer, Marcel Marceau, Ralph Nadar, Allen Ginsberg, R.D. Laing, Ruth Carter Stapleton, Benno Sachs, Hansa, Dick Gregory, Marshall McLuhan and Gregory Jay and the Pink will be on stage along with over 100 internationally known speakers who will "interfere" via video-satellite twice daily in an international coffee klatch.

"The symposium will examine the future in a humanistic manner," says Laura Huxley, widow of the futurist novelist Aldous Huxley (Borne New World), who along with some of the other speakers has been involved in many such gatherings in the last decade, inaugurating a sort of consciousness link somewhere between the idealism of the '60s and Star Wars.

In what Gary Ray Singh, the 27-year-old Sikh minister from Burlington, Ontario, who is directing the activities from the Vancouver-based offices of the Humanities Foundation describes as "a vision born in a meditation on technology," the symposium will deal with large-screen video satellite programming that will see the city master Al Huxley dancing in London to live music from the Paris of Paul Hays in Los Angeles. Further extending the realm of possibilities is the participation of about two dozen cable TV stations, including stations in Toronto, Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton. Two hours of video interact are scheduled each day, with the remaining 14 hours taken up with workshops covering everything from New Age sexuality to corporate responsibility. "Nothing of this magnitude has ever been attempted by a grassroots group before," says Jim Mi-

land, 35, the co-ordinator in Toronto. "Tradition" is one of the few words that does not easily mesh with the jargon of the New Age networks and symposiums, and even the financing of the symposium has required counter-culture cunning. With a budget estimated at a cool \$300,000, "financing will be tight," admits David Singh, 33,

assistant executive director of the foundation, "but there's an energy behind us that's bigger than any financial institution," referring to a pervasive "force" that's a lot like Star Wars.

Chances are the symposium will lose money initially. Satellite time alone is estimated at \$100,000, but rental of over \$100,000 and while many of the speakers are deferring their fees until after the event, others, like Ralph Nadar, are set. Still, organizers see their deficit being recouped primarily through sales of a book and film, video and audio programs which will be marketed after the event.

"All the loose ends are synthesizing," says Jim Milne. However, greediness can disrupt even the most helpfully full-scale mechanisms, as Madson's discovered recently when talking with poet Allen Ginsberg, a keynote speaker at the Toronto venue. "I think I'll be there, but I haven't had any confirmation as far as airline tickets or expenses are concerned," he said.

"Really? That was supposed to have been taken care of a while ago," came the response from Toronto headquarters "Bly,chaun" for plugging a hole in the network dyke.

The countdown for the Woodstock of the '80s begins now.

Marsha Boulton/Kira Anagnost



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Labor

Punching in 'quality' on the old shop floor

Whatever common ground management and labor share has traditionally been trumped by the power play known as collective bargaining. Now, many labor leaders and captains of industry are scratching around in search of new territories to map for mutual gain or, at least, some workable alternatives to confrontation. The experiment at a Volvo plant in Kalmar, Sweden, where assembly lines have been replaced by autonomous work teams is well documented. The scheme, in which workers watch over each other and rotate tasks, may well be prime for Canadian import.

Many labor leaders think so, as well



as such corporations as Petrolia, Donair, General Foods, Steinberg's, Shell Canada, and, to the tune of \$100,000 a year, the budget-slashing Ontario government which has set up a Quality of Working Life Centre. "Quite apart from a humanitarian thing," says Ontario's Deputy Labor Minister Jim Armstrong, a former labor lawyer, "I think it's real-

ized by management that people are more productive when given a greater opportunity to act in a less controlled environment and given scope to exercise their skills." The centre is a first in Canada. A permanent staff of three has

used by management that people are more productive when given a greater opportunity to act in a less controlled environment and given scope to exercise their skills." The centre is a first in Canada. A permanent staff of three has



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joined Dr. Hans van Belsom, the Dutch director and visionary whose traveling and practical consulting experience spans more than 20 years in a variety of settings (having been in the Netherlands port office throughout Europe, Asia and Canada). The impetus for the centre, however, came from its current policy committee, chaired by Armstrong. Its members consumed considerable time in labor and management circles. Robert White, Canadian director of the United Auto Workers, Shoppers Guild. Quebec director of the United Staff-Workers of America, Ralph Barford,

chairman of New Limited, Robert Hardhat, president of General Foods Ltd., William Dineen, president of A.E. LaPage Ltd., Clifford Pilley, president of the Ontario Federation of Labor, and W.A. Macdonald, a Toronto lawyer.

"People either use their creativity for or against a task and an organization," says van Belsom. "The way we have our workplaces organized today people are using their creativity in a hundred little invisible ways against the corporation." He believes that the problem can only be corrected by giving workers more control over their jobs and a greater say

in organizational planning. Robert White agrees: "My aim is to make the workplace much better for the employee to work in without somebody looking over his shoulder all the time."

Shell Canada's new polypropylene plant in Burnaby began production in April and 150 staff members, including management, will be participating in what is virtually a laboratory experiment in changing the quality of working life. "The whole plant is treated as a single department and is operated by a series of self-regulating teams with a multiplicity of skills," says Shell consultant Norman Halpern.

The workers' salaries increase as they learn new tasks, and the multi-skilled employees can be more flexible in their schedules. In return, the company expects less absenteeism, turnover and, ultimately, more productivity. The collective agreement, which runs to 48 pages at Shell's old refinery next door, has been whittled down to six pages at the new plant. "It's consistent with the one-all philosophy," says Halpern.

At Steinberg's, the work philosophy was originally implemented at a Montreal frozen-food warehouse in 1974. "We said you be your own boss. You'll be responsible for scheduling, storage, order selection and shipping," recalls Harry Steffen, director of such stores at Steinberg's. "Absenteeism dropped from about 10 per cent to five per cent. The number of cases they shipped out went from 125 per man-hour to 175 cases. This has held for five years." The plan has since been implemented by Steinberg's at four Ontario supermarkets to such effect that employees as check-out cashiers, shelf stockers and meat cutters. Under this system cashiers, for example, have a say in scheduling and, at their own suggestion, now sit on stools.

While labor and management each have something to gain from the new approach, say joint undertakings based solely on a previous trust rarely broken by signs of one side pursuing its goals at the expense of the other. The Ontario centre's policy committee chairman, Armstrong, who is forever balancing labor and management interests, is building on the pressures of enlightened self-interest to make quality-of-work projects succeed. "The last decade has shown some real strains in our society in terms of special interest groups vying for legislation and policy to protect their rights. If we're going to survive as an economic community, we've got to be collaborating rather than trying to poison one another." Whether such wisdom can prevail in a year when more than 325 large bargaining groups in Canada are in the throes of negotiation will be sorely tested.

Mark Wilton

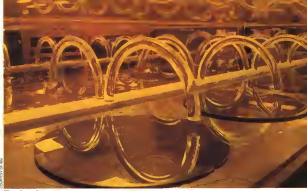
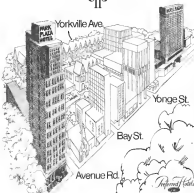
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Technology

The chip way of life is here

By Allen Bailey

The rank-road traffic scenes around here. The man pushes the button marked **ENTER** on his car's computer keyboard. Instantly he's told he won't get home until 6:40 p.m.—30 minutes late. Traffic isn't letting up, so he manipulates the car's on-board traffic computer to show the fastest way home. Instantly again, the two-panel lights up, indicating he should cut right at the next intersection. From then on, at each intersection, a small arrow blinks to show the best direction.

At home, the spouse's wife sits down to shop. She taps a few buttons on the computer TV's keyboard. In seconds her favorite supermarket's entire prior list flashes on the screen. After checking some competitors' prices, she taps out her list, which will be delivered next morning. Before signing off, she calls the credit-card company to dispute an apparent overcharge. An agent displays her statement on the screen and then explains the discrepancy.

This is not the future. Much of it is happening now, and the rest is coming—soon.

Throughout this decade scientists and engineers around the world have been

effort setting the stage for what many believe will be one of the most profound revolutions in history. And it all revolves around the microprocessor, a computer on a chip—a device so small, in potent, yet so omnipotent that it can furnish the average consumer with the computing power which, just 20 years ago, only large corporations could afford. This futuristic computer is now being built into an ever increasing variety of consumer products, making them much more efficient and useful and, in many instances, altering their original purpose. A jock-of-all-trades, the device seesns equally at home measuring and dispensing shots of liquor as guiding spacecrafts across the solar system.

The computer chip, or "microprocessor" is making programmers of all of us. It permeates all aspects of modern life: schools, offices, newspapers, farms, the factory floor. And it's the harbinger of an intellectual revolution. As the wheel becomes the extension of man's brain, so the microcomputer is becoming an extension of our brain.

At the Computer Culture Exposition in Toronto this week, the first of its kind in Canada, experts from across the country will ponder the social implications of this "silent revolution."

Wafers' containing hundreds of memory chips (each with 64 000 transistors) dispensing liquor, guiding spacecrafts

So pervasive is the microprocessor's influence that no industrialized country can afford to overlook it. In Canada, the Science Council, a government advisory body, has identified it as a major ingredient of an information revolution which is transforming society. Warns the Science Council: "If we do not embrace the new technology and incorporate it into our manufacturing and distribution systems, we risk being proud out of world markets. If we do adopt it we remain competitive abroad but, as a consequence, will be faced with enormous unemployment." Yet this volatile technology apparently must not cause job loss and labor dislocation if properly handled. "In fact," claims the Science Council, "with careful planning, labor dislocation may be more than offset by the number of new jobs created."

While Canadian politicians seem also to grasp the significance of the new wave, elsewhere the alarm has sounded. Last year the disquieting realities were hammered home to British Prime Minister James Callaghan by a BBC documentary called *The Chip Age Does*. The film reported instances of jobs already lost to the



Learning old literacy from a computer

tiny chip and showed an alarming parade of problems which threatened to eliminate thousands more. The documentary also pointed out that nations which do not automate may lose a perfidious economic disadvantage since they will be unable to compete with automated industries abroad. Callaghan declared an immediate review of the situation. Within months, three studies were commissioned and reported of almost \$6 billion into Britain's microelec-

tronics industry was announced. Britain, the United States, Japan, West Germany and France have also decided the electronics industry is pivotal and are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into it. Although a Canadian company, Mitec Semiconductor Inc., will soon begin production of the first microcomputers to be made in this country, the Canadian microelectronics industry, virtually destroyed from years of fighting against massive imports of cheaper products from the U.S. and Japan, is too weak to seize the new opportunities on its own. Unlike other nations, the Canadian government has, as yet, no comprehensive strategy to deal with this fast-moving technology. (The government does assist the electronics industry with a limited amount of research grants and tax incentives, but there is no funding available on the scale of other industrial nations.) The approach appears confused and piecemeal as characterized by the department of industry, trade and commerce which has indicated that it is "looking into the situation" and "will come up with specific announcements from time to time." It's to be hoped this meandering attitude doesn't last too long. Callaghan, the Senator General, "A new wave of technology is about to sweep Canada. We do not have the luxury of time."

It all began in 1948 with the invention of the transistor. By completely displacing the action of the vacuum tube with a tiny piece of material known as a semiconductor, the invention clinched the Nobel Prize

and thoroughly reshaped the world of electronics. In 1951, carrying this new principle a few steps farther, engineers at Intel Corp., California, developed a tiny chip for storing many transistors onto one paper-thin sliver of silicon (a semiconductor) no bigger than a baby's thumb-nail. In 1970 it was possible to manufacture a memory chip containing 64,000 transistors. When magnified, the surface of the chip presents a labyrinthic landscape of thousands of minuscule transistors interconnected by a network of electronic circuits. In essence, this delicate pattern—resembling a microscopic railway switching yard—provides the "tracks" and "switches" that enable a microcomputer the best stream of electronic pulses that are the substance of computer language and conveyed to the users and members of human communication.

The microcomputers calculate many times faster and are much more reliable than the earlier room-sized computers that arrived on the scene after World War II. An expert who worked on the first automatic computer, Captain Grace Hopper, 72, of the U.S. Naval Reserve, remarks that first machine, the Mark I. "It was 60 feet long, eight feet high and eight deep. It did three additions per second." Today's distinctive microcomputer calculates thousands of times faster and routes tens of thousands of transistors. These levitons of the 10s, stuffed with a jangle of wires and vacuum tubes, have been replaced to an extent by the computer chip which concentrates the power of part a light bulb rather than that of a locomotive. What's more, the producers of the wonder chips have developed sophisticated manufacturing techniques allowing them to "store" hundreds of chips at a time and sell them for less than a bottle of ketchup.

Invented will be the outside of big business and big government, the computer has been greeted by the public as a villain, an intruder, intruding intelligence. Lately, however, the growing presence of the microcomputer has made this awesome power available to all. The ranks of the "amateurs" now include travel agents, schoolchildren, shopping clerks, secretaries, the local pharmacist. Says assistant professor of computer science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Hao-Min D. Tzeng: "The potential applications of microprocessor technology are so numerous that it is hard to visualize any aspect of life that will escape its impact." But there's more. "In many instances society is either aware not prepared for the microcomputer's non-linear impact." To bridge this gap a provincial television network, TV Ontario, is running a series called *Post Forward*, which portrays some of the new technologies that are pinning on us. "Education is this

Writing an integrated circuit chip to a camera, an extension of the brain

area is essential," says the senior producer/director Jim St. Lawrence. "People are going to be controlled by the machines unless they learn to control them." The vital issue at stake is control. Computers will be the computer's hidden appearance in the living room. In 1977 when Radio Shack and Commodore introduced completely assembled computers including video screen, keyboard, and housing a computer for about \$1,000, the idea of a computer in every home had abruptly become credible. Says Galia Galizia, a computer specialist at the University of Toronto: "We envisage these systems as becoming so common and so much used by every member of the household that they will be taken for granted devices, like the telephone or television set." A U.S. market research company, Creative Strategies International of San Jose, California, estimates that some 250,000 of these personal computers were sold last year in the U.S. and that sales will reach \$3.5 billion by 1985.

Almost every major city in North America has a computer club whose members get together to compare notes on products, programs, and to challenge each other on computer games such as chess and "Star Trek." These packaged computers are relatively simple to spend a moment and become an expert. "Anyone can learn to program a computer," says Ted Nelson, author of *The Home Computer Revolution*. "You don't have to know mathematics or electronics anymore than you have to know the fretboard."

Microcomputers are already being used in Canadian households to control washing machines, ovens, sewing machines. Possibly the first large-scale use of home computer terminals will arrive with the introduction of the department of communications' Tiddler system. Tiddler is a technology which in the 1980s will transform, for about \$300 to \$300, the ordinary TV set into an information terminal giving viewers access to a virtually unlimited electronic "library" containing anything from news and stock listings to classified advertising.

In a report prepared recently for the Institute for Research on Public Policy, Professor Galizia states: "Computers could be programmed to help maintain and operate a household. A program could increase energy consumption by adjusting the settings on the furnace or the air conditioner. It could adjust the humidity, act as a fire detector, and carry out such standard medical tests as a test for blood pressure." The report continues: "A 'Tiddler' could keep an inventory of food and household products, record family food preferences, and point a shopping list. A 'Tiddler' would maintain a list of telephone numbers, take messages and relay replies and keep an engagement calendar. An 'accountant'

would balance the budget, record income and expenditures for tax purposes, and manage investments."

The playroom and classroom are becoming the training grounds for the new order, as electronic calculators and learning aids are being used by children from age five. One such device from Texas Instruments, Speak & Spell, is now on the market. \$79.95 and enables students to pronounce spelling and pronunciation of the 300 most frequently mispelled words. Elsewhere, computer literacy is being added to the three Rs. The French government wants to make computer language (computer programming) the third official language (after French and English) and is having a computer course for about 10,000 young elementary school. TV Ontario has proposed spending \$100,000 this summer on field trials to explore the "breadth of educational potential" of Tiddler which among other things includes computer-controlled learning.

The eye-opening scene between North Americans and the automobile making lately due to fuel prices and pollution is warming up again because of the microcomputer. General Motors has told Maclean's that all 1981 models destined for the U.S. market will contain a computer-controlled catalytic converter system to speed emissions and increased economy. Similarly, engineers are working on a microcomputer-based antilock device that can "sense" the onset of a skid and take evasive action. Doctors are also working on controlling the transducers, air speed, climate, and exhaust gas recirculation with on-board computers. The 1979 Cadillac Seville has a new option called the Trip Computer which can tell the driver, among other things, engine status and temperature, fuel economy, and estimated time of arrival at destination.

Perhaps the most fascinating potential for the computer on wheels is the collision-avoidance system now being tested by Motorola, Inc., California. The company's safety research vehicle, the Eagle II, has an automatic radar-trace control which alerts the driver and slows the vehicle when the car ahead is being approached too quickly. In a potentially hazardous situation it sounds an alarm and triggers the high-performance braking system if a collision is imminent.

The physical limit chip is showing up for work in so ever increasing number of industries. Microcomputers are being employed in the mining and forestry industries, in steel mills, chemical plants and automatic factories. The huge attraction they will do, the repetition or dangerous chores without involvement. A research firm, GE International, has developed a sort of bio-cyber version of Star Wars' R2D2 which "sees," "hears," "thinks" and even "learns." But will it make life easier?

Ideas

Dial-a-thought: the B.C. way to get married

"Hang-loose" British Columbianers are modified their well-groomed reputation for seriousness in embracing The Health Education Centre of B.C. have just disclosed that out of 168 three-to six-minute tapes they also on request telephone callers by far the most popular is "Who to Marry." Compounding the quantity is the painfully self-conscious scramble for steady since between "Am I Mature?" and "How to be Happy," and begging for attention, close behind is "How to be Better Looking." These are four of the five



most frequently requested tapes in 100,000 calls made over the last two years, and they have British Columbianers reason to seek-out over their penchant for electronic non-verbal.

The other tape is the top five called a step-by-step plan, and contains the sort of practical self-help advice that B.C. health officials had expected would be most often in demand. Since there is no

Simply grand ~ Grand Marnier



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the only such phonetic system in Canada, they had no records to go by. Joan Harner, Vancouver director of the Health Education Centre, guesses that the overwhelming popularity of what she calls the "psychological tapes" stems from the anxiety they accorded to callers. They need only give the operator a code number from a brochure—identifying the tape wanted—to get advice on a problem which, in other circumstances, might embarrass them. Harner isn't oversteering; the tape



Theatre Maple leaves afield fall on Big Apple

The Maple Leaf flutters over the New York Theatre scene. *Sweeney Todd*, the new Grand Oldie musical, stars Les Curcio and Victor Garber. Parton Whitehead, former artistic director of the Shaw Festival, sticks fuzzy London in Sherlock Holmes. Robert Jay, a young actor from St. John's, snags the room swing from two established stars of a show. As the eccentric British poet Stevie Smith, Roberta Maxwell gives the kind of performance that sends critics into ecstasies of ecstasy. *Artichoke*, James M. Goss's gentle *Private* comedy, has a new production thrust and features a promising young actress named Phyllis who happens to be Christopher's daughter. George F. Walker's *Comp* has just opened. If all the deans are made and bankers' interest doesn't flag, next post back to be a bumper crop for Canadians there.

Next on the list are Curcio and Garber in the dark and perplexing *Sweeney Todd*, the new Stephen Sondheim musical being hailed as a late '70s *Three-*

penay Opera. Bink, maniacs, running three hours and, above all, subterranean. It looks like it was conceived by Edgar Allan Poe and directed by Sam Peckinpah, doing away with usual conventions. In this version of the popular Victorian melodrama, Curcio plays a barber returned to England from ex-pat incarceration in Australia. To revenge himself on the judge who sent him away in order to sedate his wife (now presumed deceased) and to rescue his daughter (now the judge's ward) the barber, who has taken the name of *Sweeney Todd*, goes up with Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury), owner of a failing meat-pie shop. Thwarted by his inability to get the judge, *Sweeney* turns down and slices throats instead of shaving them. Mrs. Lovett's new meat pies are a tasty secret. Unsentimental, overpowering and fresh.

Patricia Elliott and Rita Robbins in "Artichoke," Garber, Curcio, Lansbury in "Todd," Whitehead in "The Crochiter of Blood": difference is being there.

Sweeney Todd takes Broadway theatre into new territory, the way earlier collaborations by Sondheim and director Harold Prince did. *Phantom*, *Company*, *A Little Night Music* and *Pacific Overtures*. Close to open, the new show is inevitably pretentious, visually arresting (the five-story factory set towers over the action) but on a Broadway musical with a social conscience (the production ends with the cast painting in the 2,000-seat Uris Theatre suggesting that *Sweeney Todd* goes to be sitting there) make back?

What *Sweeney Todd* does is confirm Curcio's presence as a staple of the New York stage. His *Sweeney* is a pale-faced monster who goes mad while pulling against injustice. The role lets him exhibit a new range away from the straight man (*Applesauce*, *A Little Night Music*). And, if Curcio is still growing, Victor Garber has just begun. As the love-lorn young sailor who goes for *Sweeney's* daughter, Garber's plaintive and boyish sweetness is one of the rare, bright things in the show.

Like many Canadian actors seeking for work, an address to a living Garber has made New York his home. "I just thought there was more opportunity here and I really liked the lifestyle." Not that he has abandoned Canada; he's just waiting for offers. *Stratford* is a natural. "But I wouldn't go there to play *Lucretia*," he vows. With the lead (*Jessie* (*Christi*)) in the movie version of *Godspell* behind him and a Tony nomination for

services he has answers for more than a decade of calls concerning physical health problems—"Arthritis," "Sex Strips," "Venereal Disease" and "Hypoglycemia" are also in the top 20.

Its success recently prompted the B.C. branch of the consumer affairs department to look up 135 tapes in a pilot project of its own. The health and consumer tapes are played by the same operators, and the only difference in the request code is that consumer tape numbers are prefaced by the letter "C"—a system which, last month, gave "Cam Disease" (B3) to a caller who wanted to know how to buy shoes (C-101). As consumers, British Columbians have proven hardheaded—the top three consumer tapes so far have been "How to Buy a Used Car," "How to Shop for a Mortgage" and "How to Buy a Home." Last social observers he led to refer a solid, homely B.C. character from whom, it should be noted that last month 78 people called to hear "How to Be Better Looking," while only four people requested "Save Your Children's Teeth."

Robert Stull



his portrait of a gay entertainer in Les Levine's thriller *Deathday*, he's now on the bill just below Lansbury and Carno in this musical of Woodstock Veterans. The Victorian in *The Cenci* of *Blood* is a little more staid and conventional. As the sleuth of Baker Street, Patsy Whitehead is as smooth and resourceful as the new plot narratives on Arthur Conan Doyle, chasing murderers and stolen treasures through the streets of London and consulting the lovely young things who frequent those same streets. A droll performance. And droll is, apparently, as droll does when the producers offered him star billing after the show was a hit. Whitehead, dour-faced with, "It would be too expensive to change the billboards." Money, so often, is douring to Canadian.

"I'm going to stay in New York until my money runs out," says Robert Jay, the shy young man of *The Diary of Anne Frank* who got much better reviews than the stars, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. Throwing away a Rhodes Scholarship several years ago, he returned home to St. John's to join the hilariously irreverent *Colony* troupe. "It's the rough edges that attract me to New York," he says, adding, "It's much more like St. John's than Toronto." Now he's waiting for his run reviews to generate more work.

Plus like Giam's *Artichoke* into their time arriving in New York, but the waiting period is decreasing. "We don't choose plays by accident here," says Artistic Director Lynne Meadow of the prestigious Manhattan Theatre Club where *Artichoke* is playing. MTG does, in fact, have Canadians carved for the moment. In *Some*, ex-patriate Roberts Maxwell gave a rich, multi-layered performance in what is basically a one-woman show.

Expatriates though they may be in a certain sense, none of the Canadian performers report any resentment against them as foreigners working in a glutted market. Says Whitehead: "The United States is too large a country for us." Next year it will have room enough for a number of Canadian projects now on the boards. There's Calgary playwright John Marshall's drama about Sarah Bernhardt, *Mexico*, with his *Waiting for the Parade* a future possibility. Joseph Papp has taken an option on George F. Walker's *Seasons*, with Basil (Dramatic) Julia expressing an interest in the title role. Larry Pineberg's *Five*, starring Geraldine Fitzgerald, at the Manhattan Theatre Club is interested in David French's new comedy, *Drinking and Being Drunk*. Producer, Mike Nichols, thinks that Billy Bishop *Go to War*, out of Vancouver, is ideal Broadway fare. If not forever, then at least the Stage Left for a while.

David McLaughlin



Books

Of fat cats and fates and Quebec's Moby Dick

LA GROSSE FEMME O A GROSSE EST

FACTORY
by Michel Tremblay
(Edmond Lemay, \$11.95)

MONGEUX MELVILLE VOL. 1
by Victor Lewis (Lemay, \$1.50 each)

Michel Tremblay's first published work was a feature science-fiction encounter rendering an innocent Québécois abroad, his inherited West African village and an amputee glass eye. Then came the cycle of plays—*Les Jolies Femmes*, *House*, *St. Corneille* of the Moon—that made him a celebrity.

Not content with his bringingly acclaimed status as Canada's foremost playwright, Tremblay has now returned to fiction. Along with Victor-Lévy Beaudin's *Monsieur Melville* (part of an ambitious larger work that threatens to become the Québécois *Moby Dick*), *Le Grosse Femme* has been the highlight of the Quebec publishing season, with over 40,000 copies in print. Canada's translator-literate Sheila Fischman is currently working on Tremblay's novel.

Tremblay, from a cycle of plays to a cycle of novels: grandiose schemes

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and is expected to take on *Monseigneur Beaulieu* soon.

Overseeing is just one of many obsessions Tremblay explores in *Le Grouse Penoux* (the full title means "the fat lady next door is pregnant"). The book is a day (May 2, 1962) in the lives of three no-makeup-class Montrealers who are cut from two to 72 and is specific from age to Page. That's right, the novel features the inner dialogue of Dupuis, the cat (all political allusions intended) as he patrols his garbage zone and valiantly defends them against invading mongrels. On a more classical level, these immortal sisters and their mother sit on a walk-up balcony knitting booties for the fat lady's future child, invisible to all the characters except Dupuis and the occasional mailman.

A writer who plays games like these two grandiose schemes in mind, and that is apparently only the first of an extended cycle of novels. The themes introduced here are familiar from Tremblay's plays, from the way he uses them to the conception of human relationships by political and cultural oppression. The Second World War is on, once as the First, and the Québécois are again rebelling against conservative despite the blandishments of official history. "Give me your husband and I'll give you 50 bucks" and the golden opportunity of dying for his warlike ancestor. But hope springs eternal in the female world—fathers of large families are exempt from military service, hence the satisfaction of taking in the novel and the fat lady's condition. Rather than as an expression of love, creating life becomes a necessary means of evading death.

Michel Tremblay could never be accused of subtlety, and his latest work includes blatant diatribes against the church and its world dialectic of angels vs. whores. But the novels and the plays are redeemed by an emotional power that comes from knowing situations in which real characters are revealed as they themselves, not the Pater or Michel Tremblay, were in control of their own destinies.

Although Tremblay's reputation is secure from coast to coast, even the Québécois don't quite know what the book about Victor-Lévy Beaulieu. At the age of 39 he has published 11 novels (*Les Québécois* in *Anglais* won the 1974 Governor-General's Award), six plays, two book-length critical essays on Victor Hogg and Jack Kerouac and innumerable stories. He runs his own publishing house (Éditions du 21^e siècle) and his list of authors includes Jacques Ferron, Québec's most acclaimed novelist, a title to which Beaulieu obviously aspires. His strong Quebec nationalism views have been aired everywhere, along with



Beaulieu, mythologist and Melville

his larger-than-life ego, and it is therefore well read Québecois who does not hold an opinion about him, usually admiring ("Québec's greatest 19th-century man of letters, the Dale Carnegie of Quebec literature").

Monseigneur Beaulieu comes in three abundantly illustrated and simultaneously released volumes. Beaulieu tells them "fiction-fictions," which roughly translates as "future-fiction." Together they form part of the cycle *Les Vespertins*, all of which drew their inspiration from the 19th-century American author Herman Melville and his masterpiece *Moby Dick*, in particular.

"My writing is the sum of my experience," says Beaulieu in *Les Vespertins*, and he readily recognizes every facet of his life in his work. The products are not always as fascinating to the reader as the process must be to Beaulieu. His best novel, *Les Grand-pères*, a brilliantly detailed canvas of an aging couple, is significantly less in which his presence is least felt. Unburied, he moves in and out of *Monseigneur Beaulieu* as if it were never revealing doors, but his intrusion can be overlooked given the power of his special effects. Melville's life is enriched with intrusive scenes of Beaulieu's own invincible characters from other volumes in *Les Vespertins* drag by to comment on the proceedings and Beaulieu's identification with Melville becomes so obsessive that at times Melville himself unconsciously takes charge of the narrative.

A carved whale's tooth found in the St. Lawrence near the wreck of a ship Melville once sailed upon prompts Beaulieu to mythologize the Québec coastline in ways its inhabitants never

dreamed of by linking together obscure facts with fresh interpretations of so-called common knowledge. Like Melville's New England, Québec had a flourishing whaling industry; like the South Sea Islanders whose disastrous contact with white men Melville witnessed and recorded at length, Québec was the home of "savages" exploited by rapacious Europeans; the 19th-century South Sea explorers Cook, Bougainville and La Pérouse all saw action in New France during the Seven Years War, which ended as the Plains of Abraham; and the quest for an earthly paradise, charted by the heart of Melville's work, also motivated La Pérouse's attempt to find an island utopia at the tip of South America with shiploads of French-Canadian colonists.

These unlikely correspondences are mentioned briefly in *Monseigneur Beaulieu*, but they are significant in *Les Vespertins* as a whole, which is, in effect, Beaulieu's attempt to rewrite *Moby Dick*. To a surprising extent he is succeeding. More than any other Québec writer he has the potential to populate an epic vision with finely personed characters of heroic stature. This is precisely what he has done to Melville, the "real" Melville of a normal biography remains only human, but Beaulieu, at all his indiscretions and soap-soaked sailing, has created in *Monseigneur Beaulieu* a fascinating character who makes questions about the "real" Melville irrelevant. If only Beaulieu would do himself the same favor. Mark Connors

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION**
- 1 *Overland, Harker* (5)
 - 2 *Woe and Innocence, Hick* (2)
 - 3 *A Very Political Lady, Latham* (3)
 - 4 *Chesapeake, McInerney* (4)
 - 5 *Floods Out, Fazio* (5)
 - 6 *The Fox Partners, Page* (6)
 - 7 *The Sixth Commandment, Sanders* (8)
 - 8 *The Unbearable, Weinreich* (10)
 - 9 *Children of No Heart, Poirer* (11)
 - 10 *Perils to Terror, MacLean* (12)
- NONFICTION**
- 1 *Learn: Recall By Myself, Arnold* (1)
 - 2 *Brotherly Days, Newman* (3)
 - 3 *Unlabeled Mirror: The Catholicism of a Jewish Century, Tannen* (2)
 - 4 *The Complete Surrealist Medical Text, Tannen* (3)
 - 5 *Melville, Derrida, Chomsky* (4)
 - 6 *The Politics of the New Coming Out, Weiss* (5)
 - 7 *Sexual Living and Loving, Hatcher* (6)
 - 8 *As To Writing The Main Text, MacLean* (7)
 - 9 *Little Goodies's Love Story, Goodwin* (1)
 - 10 *Feet, Frost/Lee*

1. *Franklin* has been promoted with a new title of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Films

Digging a strange hole all the way to China

THE CHINA SYNDROME
Directed by James Bond

It was based down by 12 major movie houses and two major studios. And though Columbia Pictures co-synopsis a note for it, it did not finance it. It didn't matter that Jack Foss, Jack Lemmon and Michael Douglas were starring. During pre-release *The China Syndrome*, which posits that a minor seismic at a nuclear plant could conceivably cause a radiation leak resulting in death, cancer and genetic defects, had

(which he hasn't seen) could be "highly damaging" to the industry's image. Nuclear experts agree that while a minor mishap causing a leak (the title refers to the radiation's power after an accident to seep through in China) is a remote possibility, it isn't an actual possibility. If such is the case, why the furor in the industry?

So far reviewers in *People* magazine America have, more or less, addressed themselves to the movie's entertainment value a bit like asking how "en-



Cinema's Douglas, with Foss, severely fears a nuclear accident, but it's really a scare tactic.

pyrable" *The Deer Hunter* was. Fair game to a very small degree is, in fact, *The China Syndrome* is, in fact, a terrible movie as a warning film of *Rise Up and All the President's Men*. An abolitionist, a looker with Tinseltown named Kimberly Wells (Fonda),

reads high news (left news) in tapes that should be right reserved for Disneyland tours. Like the majority of reviewers, she's hard for her pleasing face and nothing more. Assigned to a routine feature on energy, she visits a nuclear plant with a cameraman (Michael Douglas) and his assistant (Elizabeth Perkins). While watching the workings of the control room, they see and experience an "accident" that drives the employees into a panic. The cameraman, a hot-tempered former radical, catches the series shortly on camera. They rush back with the footage, then "her" story, to be told by the network executive that television "is average, not controversy." The cameraman steals the footage from the network vault and immediately an in-situ cover-up is engineered by the stiffly mannered owner of the station, and another for a permit to build another.

What is essentially so frightening about the movie is its contention that human error (in this case the fault of a negligent construction company) still operates no matter how sophisticated hardware becomes. And it doesn't necessarily have to apply to nuclear power. What's raising all the periphrasis in the nuclear industry in the movie's very persuasive suggestion that, the television, domestic nuclear energy systems are a push for power and money. The stiffly mannered in *China Syndrome* won't shut down operations for a thorough safety check it would mean a loss of millions and millions of dollars. Even more accurately is a scene where the cameraman's assistant is driven off the road while delivering crucial information to the reporters (In 1974, nuclear activist Karen Silkwood died in a mysterious accident on her way to meet a reporter. An autopsy discovered plutonium in her hair, as Atomic Energy Commission was that could contaminate "probably did not result from an accident or an incident within the plant").

The *China Syndrome* challenges, with some wit and an apparently cited thriller mechanism of those "probable lies" (Jeane thought it might sound, it's about heavy, especially that of Jack Goodell (Jack Lemmon), a plant engineer who puts his job and life on the line to get at the truth. It's also about an intelligent woman who realizes she has been holding out as a victim. Cameron and Fonda have never given an stirring pair of performances. Nothing's hyped-up or hysterical, it could almost be *China Syndrome* says more about television than Network did in two hours. Subtle, with the power to send you out shaking, and ultimately it's a warning film, not a movie about movie product appear small-minded and anxious.

Lawrence O'Toole

The suave, the glittery, the silly, the successful

Bruce Gafo's triplet and Table 61. It should have said Table 71. And still they claim that the 1979 Juno awards held no surprises. But complaints about Canada's popular music awards, prompted this year on March 28 by the Canadian Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences at Toronto's Harbour Castle Hotel, are as predictable as the selections themselves. When nominations, for the most part, are based on nothing sulkier than sales, to pine for the unexpected seems unrealistic (if not contrary). And while the major winners were joyously familiar and often absent—The Good Brothers (Country Group), Gino Vannelli (Male Vocalist),

Darrell Baker (Country Female Vocalist), Bonnie Prophet (Country Male Vocalist), Rush (Group), Narvaez MacLachlan (Pop Artist), Don Hill (Composers)—the history of the evening was almost enthralling.

Patsy Gallant choked her honey, enjoyed singing to herself and worried aloud, "There's no here!" Liana Roed, unashamedly back-combed and winner in the environmental category, inspired thoughts of Nancy Sinatra. Don Hill, in white sneakers, told Nick Gilder (Most Promising Male) in freewheeling boasts how much he loved Gilder's follow-up single. At 7:30 p.m., as dinner was signalled by a clatter of dishes that



Rush (above), Cummings (below): a candid proposition with predictable results

would have scared enemies, let alone paying guests, the gathering of some 1,000 people was receiving the glow of a big wedding. At 8 p.m. dinner, in the form of the prime minister, intervened. Placed in an entourage of butterfly bartenders, Pierre Trudeau entered the convention centre as an autograph-seeking hairdresser first. Whilewide flanked with a flaired camera and a big posse of camera boys, surrounded with try lenses and gold letters that he hoped Burton Cummings would sign.

Trudeau's search took a seat at a table that, among others, included Liana Roed, Gino Vannelli and Mr. and Mrs. Biggie's Harb. Hank Snow, wearing flasks, rings and hair suitable for one of those carved figures sometimes sold as souvenirs of Canada, had his picture taken with Charles Price. A voice asked the audience not to get in the way of the ceremony. "Getting it on, interesting, that's what it's all about"—and while preparations continued for the CTV's live coverage, Brian Robertson, president of the academy, made opening remarks and welcomed the passing of somebody well known in the industry. Awards were presented in categories of, apparently, less than mass interest—such as Album Graphics, Engineering, Classical and Jazz—and at 9:30 Burton Cummings, who had skipped dinner, appeared as host.

For an event to salute popular music, the affair was, inevitably, surrealistic. Claudia Barry (Most Promising Female) only had to mouth the words of the opening number while a chorus of dancers was out in lock. There was a tape of Gino Vannelli singing, but Gino's Rest, who headed for the stage

singing she was dying of nerves, supplied life in more than that single measure. She turned a medley of nostalgic songs, traditionally a low point in such ceremonies, into a full-fledged show-stopper. After a standing ovation, the audience sat again as backstage Don Hill took leave of the genre with an earnest "Take care." Cliffhanger played hand rock accompanied by puffs of smoke, and Trudeau, in welcoming Hank Snow to the Hall of Fame, explained how music could be inferior without being abstract.

Lana Del Bello, in a purple dress she bought in Montreal, wore overalls and a wrist watch, laughingly avoided saying whether her disparaging comments on a Toronto television station a few weeks earlier had anything to do with the fact that she and Don Hill did not appear together as presenters, as had been planned. Her striking head, however, did confirm that she should be content with her looks and her voice and forget about writing her own material. With Randy Bachman, she announced that Burton Cummings' *Driver of a Child* was the Best-Selling Album and that Nick Gilder's *Hot Child in the City* was Best-Selling Single.

Bob Segarini, whose nomination as producer for his own album was the only startling acknowledgment of New Wave music, asked Del Bello for autographs for his mother and his baby-sitter. A trio of Italian waitresses followed his lead. Del Bello was in no way visibly affected by Anne Narvaez's being named Female Vocalist but joined the waitresses in cheering Gino Vannelli's win as Male Vocalist, the final award.

Then, as per instructions, Burton Cummings was joined by his friends and fellow performers. At the music died, Patsy Gallant gestured frenziedly and called for more. Very shortly afterwards she announced she had a headache and was going home. Alvin Payne Brooks was recovering from having renamed Trudeau "president" and expected that the papers would not take it kindly, even though she had already put that in with the man himself.

Except for the screaming galle, the 1979 Juno awards were a pleasant proposition, matter-of-factly chosen and likewise handed out. As Mr. Robertson's politeness waned, people talked about having a good time. Bruce Narvaez, Anne's little brother, was only a bit puzzled as to why the driver of his new album bears a credit for facial styling. By about 2 a.m., the party was pronounced over. Even though some members of Trudeau's confidential staff wanted to keep drinking, someone from the record company turned the music off.

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Why Dalton Camp can meet his peers only in darkness, like a scarlet lady of the mind

By Alan Fotheringham

The view from the large, airy house with the triangular roof and the massive double-glazed windows drills down over the 80 acres to the winter-grey trees and the endless white sea of the lake (laking for spring). The apple trees outside the windows are brittle and weaned and one fears the tiny birds on their branches, grateful for the March sunshine, will snap their frail support. In fact, their perch will endure like this muddy earth and these people outside dinner, a host. Grand Lake, in the wooded water solitude of the lovely local called New Brunswick.

This is the home of Dalton Camp, the best known politician-scoundrel who is captive in Canada. While the civil-rights people froth and ferment about Soviet dissidents deprived of intellectual success, the Tories' own version of creative observation sits and crinkles his eyes with laughter and regards the world with an exposure of bemusement. In a nervous party still reformed with subtexts of anti-elitist-baiting, he exists as an unabashed resource, unswerving of an imaginative leger, allowed to reveal his peers only under cover of darkness, a scarlet lady of the mind.

What has happened to Dalton Camp, scarcely a spent force at age 38, is illustrative of the sterile quality of Canadian politics in general and the Progressive Conservative party in particular (Those of us of Alton-Underland who have for years marvelled at the dichotomy of the man that can be both "progressive" and "conservative" were greatly heartened by Joe Clark's recent discovery of a "deficit" that somehow could be "cumulative" For such small services are we grateful). The Grits wanted Camp in some shape or form, a Warholic bottle, propped with Jerry Brown's aphorisms and copies of *The White Post*. The Tories, secure in their masculinity, content to confront the electorate with teen-age versions of John Bracken, misquoting Dalton Camp on political decency, among in their belief that house should

never nullify the earnest intent of their party of losers.

When you put it all under the microscope, exposing the inner recesses of the political mind, you find that there is a disturbingly close link between the porche of the Tories and the SNC. It is not, as political scientists and writers their arrogant students like to think, a spectrum stretching from left to right. In truth, it is a circle, the reaches of neo-Toryism and socialism almost touching. Not in their belief in the corporate wisdom of the state, but in their belief in



Dalton Camp (far right) at 1986 leadership convention

the stubborn dignity of the individual (The Liberal party of Canada, not marred by distancing ethics, seems in the knowledge that its only principle is purity, is never delayed by such halcyon some indication it is who, for example, that Brian Mulroney drilled at the Tory leadership convention in 1986. His organization, his persona, the smacking and dashing young ladies from Montreal who adorned his entourage—all were too embarrassed to be successful for the crude modern, quite financially careful little delegates who had saved all year for that trip to the Ottawa Civic Arena. They were, when you examined them, rather close in handbook if not in philosophy, to the social-warrior class of intellectuals who populate the redaction issues on American Express cards. (The Liberals' loving sickness and power and success above all would have grasped Mulroney instantly to their too-defensible bosoms. The Tories, as persons of a conspicuous winner, as winners their last 38 years ahead off.)



So it is with Camp. For the first problem, he has this handicap of a sense of humor. It is a burden generally heeded when one adopts the litany of conservatism. On his mantle, above the disaffection fireplace that stretches from his expensive sitting room clear through to the dining room, there is this dreadful meniscus cup of one John Delebak. Camp, one understands, is a collector of knick. It is a work of artistry, connoted by a badly anonymous Victorian artist who thrusts forth observations on unliking Yankee tourists. Camp loves it.

Wallowing in their hot tub of Western Canada, the Tories of Spring, 1989, are afraid to touch the Camp expertise. For one thing, they seem tremulous about the Maritime Mafia. Camp, of course—despite the overabundance of afflict Toronto admits had on him by Delebak—is a denouement, the inventor and confidant of Stanfield, the New Brunswick apple-picker who has returned to his roots. Lowell Murray, the jack of the magazine, is the Tory national office, is a Cape Breton product. So is Peter MacDonald, a Camp problem. (The Clark-Weakness is undoubtedly a result of the strange fact that the Trudeau test is also demonstrated by the Marston, mind-set, press streaker Dick O'Hagan, born, like Camp and Liberal backroom veteran Anne-Marie Kelly, in Woodstock, New Brunswick, has selected to his own successor the visible Anne Pittman, a former Halifax journalist.) Now, Trudeau's writing discoverer, Jim Moore was recommended by Brian Fleming, a supposed, harsher Trudeau policy adviser who thanks he is going to win Robert Stanfield's Halifax seat.

In all, the Liberals seem more aware that the Marston's issue is part of the brain drain Dalton Camp, because he is too bright and shrewd, because he writes a witty column for the *Toronto Star*—mainly because he has a Delebak meniscus cup over his shoulder—is sent to purgatory. The party continues to be a self-destruct mechanism.



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